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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

Read the Finance Primer. FOURTH PAGE.

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Our Story Teller.

THE COSMIC BEAN;

Or the Great Show in Kobold-land.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

Written for THE BLADE. Copyright, 1891.

CHAPTER III.

RACE DAY IN KOBOL-LAND.

Gromline was in very good humor; his plans appeared to be working admirably. Everybody was talking about his Cosmic Bean, and even the Princess Lista, who paid little attention to such things, had said that she wished it could be introduced into her country, and then, perhaps, there might be less said about the starving poor.

Moreover, King Chamian and Lista were getting acquainted very fast, and he had invited her to sit in his royal box when she was not taking part in the games. This was all very well. If these two should marry there would be a great chance for him and his bean, but in regard to Queen Millice things were not going on so well; she had soon separated herself from Prince Atto, and was now sitting alone in her box reading a book until the games should begin. The Prince had not been invited to sit with her, that was plain to see.

This was not at all satisfactory to Gromline, but it did not dampen his spirits. It could scarcely be expected that grave and studious people like Millice and Atto could come together as quickly as the more lively Chamian and

GROMLINE AND HIS BEAN.

Lista. But if the prince had any sense or wit at all he could not fail to make an impression upon Millice before the show was over.

The games were just about to begin when Gromline met Atto.

"What is the matter with your highness?" the minister exclaimed; "are you not feeling well?"

"Not very," replied Atto, and in the hope that Gromline might be able to help him he told him of the proposition of the Griffin.

"I am afraid," said the prince, "to absolutely refuse his offer, for if he is made angry there is no knowing what he may do. Can you think of any way in which I can get out of this scrape?"

"Get out of it!" cried Gromline. "Don't dream of such a thing. Here is a chance of performing an astounding and unheard of feat without the least danger in the world. It will not do for you to lose it. It will impress everybody, especially Queen Millice, with the conviction that, although a prince of intellect does not in general care for useless sports, still, when he pleases, he can with ease perform a feat far above anything which the athletes have even thought of."

Poor Atto sighed. It appeared that he was in for it.

The games began with a hurdle footrace, open to all competitors. Among those who ran were stout-legged young men from Tanobar and Nustyria, three youthful giants from the mountains, who were, however, too heavy to jump, and broke down several hurdles; a lot of nimble brownies, and many other two legged Kobol-landers. A genie, with blazing eyes, soon took the lead, often going over two hurdles at once, although they were a considerable distance apart, but he was ruled out of the race because his soaring flights were neither running nor jumping. Near the head of the long line was the sorcerer's kangaroo, who at one time made a beautiful bound entirely over a Nustyrian athlete, who at that moment was clearing a hurdle, but he was also ruled out of the race because he did nothing but jump, and did not run at all.

There were others who did not understand the rules, and among these were several gnomes of the mines with long beards and spindle legs, who ran with great swiftness and went under the hurdles without so much as bobbing their heads, never imagining that they were expected to jump over those lofty bars. An Afrite won this race, his long, black, shining body bounding and darting ahead like an India rubber savage dipped in oil.

Next came a grand horse race, in which each steed was to be ridden by its owner. And in this King Chamian and Princess Lista took part. The young King rode a black courser of the desert; the Princess was mounted on her raw-boned mare, all fire and muscle, with wicked eyes and back-bent ears. There were about fifty other steeds mounted by all sorts of riders. Among these was a lively sprite bestriding a Pegasus colt, but he was not allowed to enter the race, because it was quite certain that his horse would use his wings. The sprite was greatly

THE HURDLE RACE.

grieved by this decision, and said he was perfectly willing that all the other riders should put up satis if that would make things even. Another rider was a ghost who had formerly been a celebrated horseman, but he soon came to grief, for his horse, imagining that no one was on his back, kicked up his heels and tossed himself entirely through the body of his rider, and, flirting his tail through the separated portion, dashed to one side and left the course.

Chamian rode splendidly, and his swift horse soon carried him to the head of the line, but Lista was beside him, and her wicked mare, with glaring eyes, who sped faster and faster as her blood grew hotter, soon took the lead and kept it till the race was done, and the shouts of the multitude proclaimed her the victor.

Queen Millice had watched this race with much interest, for she liked to see the fine action of a spirited horse, and she was very sorry that Lista's ugly beast had won the race. She would have been much better pleased if her cousin's beautiful charger had been the winner, not because he belonged to Chamian, but because he was such a noble animal.

The Princess was very proud of her victory, and her heart beat high at the congratulations which poured in on her from every side.

"I have a colt at home," she cried to Chamian, "who is more fiery and wicked than this mare, with better withers, pasterns, hocks and cannon bones, and I am going to train him so that I can outdo even what I have done to-day," and she laughed triumphantly.

King Chamian did not very much like to be beaten, but if he were beaten he was glad that it was Lista and no one else who had come in ahead of him. She was a fine, spirited horsewoman, and he liked that sort of a girl, but he could not help wishing that she did not laugh and talk quite so loudly, and did not speak so familiarly to her grooms.

There now trotted into the arena a handsome Centaur, both his man part and his horse part denoting high breeding. He approached the royal boxes and bowed to the occupants. Queen Millice was pleased with the courteous air and the graceful movements of the Centaur, and was curious to know what he was going to do. She beckoned him toward her.

"Have you no competitors?" she asked.

"None, your Majesty," replied the Centaur, with a bow and smile, "excepting old Father Time."

"I do not understand," said Millice.

"It is my intention, your Majesty," explained the Centaur, "to trot alone around this arena, and endeavor to beat

THE PRINCESS AND HER STEED.

any previous record of fast time, and not only this, but to make such a record for myself, I believe can not easily be beaten in the future."

"That, your majesty, is for posterity to beat," and then galloped away out of the reach of the roaring multitude.

The minister of agriculture had been watching Millice, and was greatly pleased to see the interest she had taken in the Centaur.

"Things go even better than I thought they would," he says to himself; "it could hardly be expected that at a time like this, when everything is in such a lively hub-bub, that she and Atto could have a chance to get interested in each other's ideas about books and education, but if she likes the trotting of that man's horse, she is bound to care ever so much more for the daring and courage of a prince who rides a bare-back griffin. I never imagined that Atto would have such a chance as that to ingratiate himself with your Queen. Truly, I am having most excellent luck."

At that moment, Gromline espied the griffin, who, with his wings folded, was hurrying here and there along the outskirts of the crowd, evidently looking for some one.

"Do you know," said the monster, coming up to the minister, "where I can find Prince Atto? Our great mid-air performance is set down for this afternoon, but it strikes me that the little coward has run away. But I must find him if I can, for it will be a great thing for me to go through the act with a blooded prince on my back."

"Indeed it will," said Gromline, "and it will be a great thing for him, too. I would advise you by no means to perform without him, and I will go now and help you look for him.

Prince Atto had not seen much of the performance in the arena, for he had been busily and anxiously engaged endeavoring to find some one who would act as his substitute in the griffin performance. Every one to whom he made the proposal declined with the greatest promptness. But a mischevious imp of the Hot Springs who overheard the prince endeavoring to bribe an afrite with two bunches of bananas offered himself as a rider and said he would do the job for a bottle of ink and a squirt gun, but Atto knew the griffin would never accept such a substitute as that, and so, in great perplexity and apprehension, continued his search. He would have been glad to hide himself till night and then hurry back to his home, but he knew this would not help him. An angry griffin could find him as well in Nustyria as anywhere else.

Hurrying on, and scarcely knowing where he was going, Atto found himself on the shores of a lake, and moored close by he saw a little boat. This pleased him; he was tired and warm, and to float over the smooth water would rest and revive him. He had not gone far when he heard the sound of sweet voices, singing and the music of harps. Looking in the direction of the sounds he saw four beautiful sirens on the top of some high rocks. Atto was fond of music, and rowed near the rocks.

TO BE CONTINUED.

STAR ACTING OFF THE STAGE.

Judge Cowing's Faith in Human Nature Totally Wrecked.

Judge Cowing, of the Court of General Sessions, was not in a particularly good humor the other day, says the New York *Herald*.

He had good cause to feel somewhat exasperated, for almost every juryman that had been summoned applied to him to be excused.

One had a sick wife; another was subject to fits, and was liable to swoon away and froth at the mouth any minute in the day; another simulated deafness, and so on to the end of the chapter.

When Henry Tomkins, the 37th reluctant juror, appealed to Judge Cowing to be released, the latter remarked with unmistakable sarcasm:

"This seems to be a very unhealthy winter for jurmen. Have you, too, got an epidemic in your family?"

Mr. Tomkins' breast heaved as he turned his head aside and brushed his eyes with the back of his hand. He swallowed a big lump in his throat, and with quivering chin tried to speak, but finally broke down. At last he stammered:

"Your Honor, this—this morning I—I—lost my only son."

The unfortunate man buried his face in his hands and sobbed so that his whole frame shook.

There was a dead silence in the court room. Judge Cowing, who is a very humane man, was terribly shocked. It was several minutes before he could speak, and when he recovered his voice it was husky with emotion.

"Mr. Tomkins, I beg your pardon, and regret that your feelings have been lacerated by my thoughtlessness. I did not suppose for a moment that you were suffering domestic bereavement. You are excused from jury duty in this court for the rest of the term."

The afflicted man put his handkerchief to his eyes and hurried out of the court room, in which there was hardly a dry eye. Mr. Brown, a warm personal friend and next neighbor of Tomkins, happened to be in the court room on business, and he, too, was much affected by the bad news. He followed Tomkins and overtook the bereaved father in the corridor, where he seized Tomkins's hand and said with a deep sigh:

"My dear friend, this is a terrible blow, but you must try and brace up and bear it like a man. Perhaps the little boy is better off. My heart bleeds for you, for I, too, have suffered bereavement. It was only yesterday the little fellow was in my yard playing with my children, the picture of life and health. How did it happen? Was little Tommy run over by a car?"

To Brown's utter amazement Tomkins burst out laughing, which added to Brown's misery, as he was satisfied that Tomkins's grief had unsettled his mind.

"Tommy is all right," said Tomkins, punching Brown humorously in the ribs with his reversed thumb.

"Tommy all right!" gasped Brown.

"Yes," replied the escaped juror. "You see, Brown, there was no other way for me to get out of that infernal jury box."

"But you told Judge Cowing that you had lost your only son."

"So I have. I had a morning *Sun* in my overcoat pocket when I entered that court room, and now it is gone. I believe the court officials or some of those rascally lawyers picked my pocket."

"Thomkins, that was one of the best pieces of emotional acting I ever saw in my life, and I've seen Booth, Barrett, Clara Morris, Bernhardt, and all the rest of them. You missed your vocation. You should try your luck on the stage."

"It's too late for me to think of that, but what's the matter of our trying our luck at the bar? Will you join in drinking a toast to Tommy's health?"

The invitation was accepted in the spirit in which it was tendered, but it is safe to remark that after Judge Cowing reads this he will subject the next bereaved juryman who wants to be excused to a rigid cross-examination, for it is an undoubted fact that in New York all the best actors are not on the stage.

THE BISHOP WAS A WIT.

Could Return a Good Thing When it Had Been Played on Him.

A capital story is told of one of our living bishops, well-known for his good sense and rare wit. He was staying at the house of a country gentleman who posed as an ardent total abstainer. During dinner on the first day of the Bishop's visit, there being nothing to drink on the table besides sirups and mineral waters, the host, turning toward his reverend guest, said in an undertone: "My lord, you will find some wine in your bed room."

The Bishop, with characteristic taste, briefly acknowledged this curious concession, and partook of the refreshment placed before him. Some short while after this the bishop received his teetotaler friend with becoming hospitality at the palace on a return visit. During dinner his lordship quietly remarked to his guest: "Mr. So-and-so, you will find some water in your bed-room."—[London Spectator.

Two of a Kind—Almost.

He passed down the aisle of the car to the seat occupied only by a man wearing a weed on his hat, and there halted and sat down, and every passenger thought it a funny thing that two men, each a widower, should thus be brought together. At least one of the widowers also thought it funny, for after a bit he turned and queried:

"Your wife dead?"

"Yes."

"So's mine. Yours die of fever?"

"Yes."

"So did mine. Loving, faithful and economical?"

"Yes."

"So was mine. Broke you up, didn't it?"

"Yes."

"So it did me. Couldn't eat nothing for half a day. Have a big funeral profession?"

"Yes."

"So did I. Counted thirty-one buggies and wagons. Got a gravestone up yit?"

"No."

"Neither have I. Death is an awful sad thing, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"But we must make the best of it. We cannot help the dead by mourning. Got your eye on a second wife?"

"No, sir!" was the indignant reply.

"How long's your wife bin dead?"

"A year."

The other picked up his valise from the floor, vacated his seat, and as he started for the car ahead he said:

"Stranger, I thought we was two of a kind, but I diskiver that I'm wrong in my figgers. One of us tells the truth, and other is a gaul darned liar, if I die for it! Good day!"—[New York Sun.

A Sockdologer.

Telegraph Operator—We'll have to give up sending messages at so much per word. We'll have to charge by the letter in future, if we want to make money.

Manager—Why?

Operator—Read this message of ten words that a Boston girl gave me to send to her professor: "Contemplating psychological investigations necessitates supplicating metaphysical pabulum. Transmit appropriate dissertations"—[Munsey's Weekly.

They Never Turned Again.

The Rev. Mr. Goodman paused a moment in his discourse. "There were five or six persons in the congregation, if I mistake not," he said mildly, "who did not turn their heads when the door opened just now. For their benefit I will state that the sexton has just come in for the purpose of attending to the ventilation. He is attired in plain black and wears a patch over one eye. I remark, fourthly, that this clause in the text," etc.—[Chicago Tribune.

Poetry.

For the Blade.

SUCH IS LIFE.

BY ELSIE L. JACOBS.

She could sing and she could play,
She could dance from night till day,
She could while the hours away,
So 'tis said;
She could skate and she could paint,
She could play the patron saint,
But she couldn't and she wouldn't,
Make a bed.

She could walk eight miles a day,
And play tennis charmingly,
Flirting in a saucy way,
Little scamp!
She could drive and play base ball,
She could make a stylish call,
But she couldn't and she wouldn't
Clean a lamp.

She could quote Tolstoi and Burns;
French and German she learned by turns;
Slangy words she quickly learns
By the score;
She could act and she could box,
She could bleach her jetty locks,
But she couldn't and she wouldn't
Sweep the floor.

She could swim and she could row,
She could always have a beau,
And I'm sure that we all know
She was shy;
She could laugh and she could prance,
She could play a game of chance,
But she couldn't and she wouldn't
Make a pie.

She could etch and write a book,
She could vanquish with a look;
She would win by hook or crook
I confess;
She could scold and she could flout,
She could cry and she could pout,
But she couldn't and she wouldn't
Make a dress.

She could talk of church affairs,
But knew naught of household cares;
Still I'm sure that none compares
With sweet Nan;
Even if she couldn't bake
Bread and pies and angel cake,
She enraptured and she captured
A rich man.

For THE BLADE.

NO USE O' TALKIN'.

BY NAT. U. RALGAS.

This life is business from the start,
Thur aint no use o' talkin'!
And if a feller wants ter thrive
He's got ter hustle round and strive—
No time for silly gawkin'.
Ter be a loafer is a crime,
Industry pays in every time,
And luck is work—as true as rhyme,
Thur ain't no use o' talkin'!

The race is one of earnestness,
Thur ain't no use o' talkin'!
He surely will come out behind
Who fails ter look around an' find
His proper speer to walk in.
Men crowd each other's path o' place,
And bustle in the heartless race.
You'd better strike an easy pace,
Thur ain't no use o' talkin'.

Thur's nothin' gained by rushin' things,
Thur ain't no use o' talkin'!
To run yer breath out all at wuns
You show yerself ter be a dunce,
You'd better be a walkin'.
You won't succeed before yer time,
Altho' you run an' jump an' climb,
You've got ter wait on Father Time,
Thur ain't no use o' talkin'!

But you must keep a goin', tho',
Thur ain't no use o' talkin'!
The great procession's movin' slow,
But everybody's got ter go,
No backin' up n't' balkin'.
The world won't stop ter help a man
To a position in the van;
You've got ter do the best yer can,
Thur ain't no use o' talkin'!

Mankind is selfish as a rule,
Thur ain't no use o' talkin'!
And if hard luck's ter be yer lot,
The human prospers helps us not,
But flings at us his mawkin'.
A man must work and push ahead,
To earn his dollar an' his bread,
An' march along with steady tread,
Thur ain't no us o' talkin'!

SPRINGTIME.

Our overcoats, our heavy shoes, our linen dusters, too,
All have a proper season their allotted good to do.
Few things upon this big, round earth have not their special time;
The fuller bids good with current jest in paragraph and rhyme.
The gibe about the editor who slays the bard of spring;
The Easter bonnet sally, too, decrepit little thing
Have lain unused for many months, their strains are out of tune—
But take them down and dust them off; we'll want them pretty soon.

That most amusing little lad, who hurries to his fate
In comic torture caused by all the unripe things he eats,
For some time past—let all give thanks—has not been forced to be
A figure in the gallery of funny things we see.
The respite from the iceman's bill has been quite long and sweet,
And proved so ;e compensation for the ills of slush and sleet;
But restless time comes and calls away the peaceful boon,
So take them down and dust them off; we'll want them pretty soon.
—[Washington Post.

COTTON GROWING IN RUSSIA.

The Time Coming When Southern Democrats Will Want a Tariff.

It is said that one Goujon, a high Russian official, came here last year with the approval of the Czar and bought a plantation in Louisiana, in order to make a practical study of cotton growing, says the San Francisco *Chronicle*. He has learned the business and is now on his way to establish the raising of fine cotton in central Asia, where he says the choicest qualities can be grown at prices which will drive American cotton out of Europe.

If he is right in his assertions, and fine cotton can be produced by the cheap labor of Central Asia, what will the free traders of the Southern states say when they find Asian cotton competing with American cotton in our own mills and factories? Will protection then seem to them as heinous a thing as they represent it to be now? Will they deem high tariff the equivalent of highway robbery, and such bills as the McKinley bill the legalization of larceny?

Let foreign cotton come to this country to compete with our own, and there cannot be built a tariff fence high enough or tight enough to satisfy the Southern cotton planter. And it is by no means certain that such a thing may not come to pass. If the soil and climate of central Asia are adapted to the fine grades of cotton, as Mr. Goujon says, the chance of competition is excellent, for labor there is so cheap as to underbid any labor we can have in this country. It ranks hardly higher in price than Chinese labor in China.

It would be amusing to see the ultra-Democrats shouting for protective duties, but if the Goujon plan works they will certainly demand a rate of import duty on cotton which will make Mr. McKinley turn pale with wonder at the audacity of the demand. Tariff for revenue only would be whistled down the wind if the great staple of the solid South were threatened with direct competition.

THE LIGHTER VEIN.

It is suspected that some of the spring lamb is really of winter lineage.—[Philadelphia Record.

For a retail grocer to carry over a large stock of sugar into the April reduction will require considerable sand.—[Commercial Gazette.

John L. Sullivan is being investigated by the Elks. For a new member his horns are altogether too long and too frequent.—[Washington Post.

If it took coffee as long to settle as some men a good many of us would drink water.—[Towanda Review.

If you wish to avoid trouble do not put tobacco in your trunk when you are going to Europe or into an elephant's at any time.—[Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Debate.

Ex-Czar Reed—This item for an Easter bonnet ought to be stricken out of the bill; it did not originate in the House.

Ex-Czarina Reed—Well, if you want to make a perfect Holman of yourself, you can.—[N. Y. Sun.

MARKING PASSAGES IN BOOKS.

A Habit That May Later Prove an Undesirable Record.

"What do you think of the habit of marking books?" Kate Field asked an old bookworm and book lover.

"Why, I think that if the marker himself doesn't mind it, no one else ought to."

"I do not understand. Why should the person who marks books mind it?"

"Because it is such a reckless give-away. It is bad enough to have to stand by the things you say yourself, without adopting a lot of things some one else has said in addition. When you mark a book you often put on exhibition sentiments which you would express only with the greatest reserve, but here they are open to the criticism of friend and foe alike.

"I have always had a private opinion that the marking of books showed a lack of proper reserve and delicacy. It is making the public a present of what belongs to yourself and your friend.

"Then, apart from the revelation made to other people, you often find marked books an uncomfortable record of your own past mental poverty. If you should read the same work, but in different copies, once a year for five years, and mark at each reading the things which struck your fancy, the five copies when compared, would show you some startling facts. Our appreciative ability grows faster and surer, I think, than any other. You would be heartly ashamed of the things you approved at a previous stage of development.

"On the whole, it is a very dangerous process for the person who cares for his own and his friends' good opinion to stand sponsor for the dictum of an author, simply because, on reading it for the first time, he felt an agreeable responsive glow."

COINAGE IN ENGLAND.

Interesting Facts About Hard Money of the Past and Present.

When England was being made into mince-meat and blocks of real estate by the Saxons and Danes, silver and brass were in use as currency, but the Normans subsequently installed the aristocratic metal and left the democratic brass to take care of itself. Gold was first coined by Henry III., and copper made into it in 1672, says the *Age of Steel*. Tin was used for coinage in 1684, and the national farthing was made of this Cambrian product with a stud of copper set in the center. 1690 and 1691 tin half-pence were issued in considerable quantities. The only pure gold coins issued in English history were those of Henry III.

In the reign of Edward I the pound in tale of silver coins was equal to the pound in weight of standard silver. The pound in tale was divided into 20 shillings, the shillings into 12 pence, and each penny piece weighed a pennyweight or 24 grains.

Before the minting of gold coins in England the byzant, valued at 10 shillings, was imported from Constantinople, and florences of the same value from Florence. Edward III subsequently minted the noble, Edward IV the rial, Henry VII the double rial, James I the laurel, and Charles II revived the old laurel coin under the name of the guinea.

This guinea in the reign of Queen Annie, originally issued as a 20-shilling piece, rose in value to 30 shillings, and was acrobatic in values till Sir Isaac Newton secured authority ordering the guinea to pass for 21 shillings sterling. The present English sovereign was issued in 1817, and weighed twenty twenty-first parts of a guinea. The present standard of fineness for silver coins is 11 ounces or 2 pennyweight silver and 18 pennyweight alloy.

Bronze coins were introduced in 1800, replacing the old copper coins first legalized by the flat of Charles II. and afterward made by James II. from old guns, copper vessels, pewter pots and a general assemblage of comparatively worthless metal.

ARSENIC IN WALL PAPER.

Another Case Showing That There Is No Such Thing.

The death of Samuel C. Cobb, of Boston, which a post-mortem examination discloses to have resulted from cancer, was rather a surprise for the Homeopathic Medical society, for they had used his case as an example of arsenical poisoning, says the Philadelphia *Upholsterer*. They agitated the subject rather lively and brought forward many imaginative folks who knew that they had been poisoned some time or other by the arsenical green of their wall papers, curtains or carpets, and they applied for legislative protection and asked that a law be passed, prohibiting the use of poison in manufactures.

Now, however, the twenty leading American manufacturers of wall paper take oath that they do not use arsenic in any way. One of these manufacturers writes:

"Since the days of burning witches there has never been a more ridiculous scare. Wall paper dealers all over the world have never suffered. Salesmen who are continually handling wall paper never fall victims to its insidious poison. Color mixers, many of whom have for a half century or more spent their entire waking time with bare arms to the shoulders in colors, mixing them and stirring them up continually, never suffer, although these same men not infrequently eat their lunches with hands loaded with color. Again, arsenic is one of the most expensive materials that can be used for producing these color effects, and for that reason, if for no other, it would not be to the interest of the wall paper manufacturers to use it, when cheap substitutes are easily obtainable."

HOW JAY GOULD TRAVELS.

He Takes More Precautions Than the Czar of Russia Does.

I was talking with a Western railroad man about Mr. Gould's Western tours of inspection yesterday, when he said to me: "Mr. Gould always takes the precaution of traveling in a special car, with a special train, over his roads, and going unheralded. Only the train dispatchers know where he is on the line, and when he directs what he wants done the track is cleared for him. He moves at odd hours, so that none of the old striking hands may know what he is doing. Another precaution he takes is always to run an extra engine ahead of his special train to see that the track is clear. The Czar of Russia could not take more care to prevent personal injury to himself. It is a great thing to be able to ride over miles and miles of road like that, but I fancy the pleasure has its keenness dulled by the possibility that some dynamiter may be laying for the train and its occupant. I have once or twice been asked to go with Mr. Gould on his Southwestern trips, but I prefer to take my chances on a regular train."—[N. Y. Press.

A Hint for Home Decorators.

For the decoration of the panels of dados and doors and portions of wall surfaces, says *The Ladies' Home Journal*, apply a smooth, three-stranded cord, one-eighth of an inch in diameter, gilded or bronzed, representing any fanciful form, such as spiral figures which are just now so fashionable with designers. Irish or Celtic interlacing work may be done in a wonderful striking way with it. It lends itself well to the tracing of the outlines of bold designs. The cords are coated with glue, then with gold-size, after which the gilding is laid on. They are fastened with short-brass headed nails.

A Crisis.

Sanso—I suppose you have to put up with some very trying things on the stage sometimes?

Thespis—Yes, indeed.

Sanso—What was the most trying experience you ever had?

Thespis—It was, beyond doubt, the time when I had to lie on the stage as dead, with my face toward the audience, and my nose itching.—[N. Y. Sun.

A Love Match.

She—So she married for love, did she?

He—Yes, love of money.—[The Epoch.

VENEERING MILK WITH CREAM

One of Liefs' Golden Illusions Dispelled by Getting Up Too Early.

I can never, never—no, not if I live to the age of Methusaleh—forgive the man who invented early rising, says a writer on the New York *Herald*. He has done me irreparable injury. He has destroyed one of the fondest illusions of my lifetime.

I had such a good milkman. He was one of the sealed bottle breed. He had the loveliest kind of a red wagon, and he brought our lacteals in beautifully branded glass jars, with the name of farm and—I was almost going to say the hour of delivery—stamped in the glass.

How I praised the fellow to my friends. I have no doubt that at times I made a perfect nuisance of myself. At the dinner table, if I had company there, I would have Clarissa bring in a bottle of milk so that I could make display of yellow rim of cream at the top. This was a grievous fault, I own. Let him who is without similar sin cast the first stone at me.

At any rate, the milking stool was the hobby I bestrode, and I rode it almost to death.

But one morning I was forced to get up early in order to do a piece of work for the *Herald*. Alack the day! I set the alarm clock, little thinking that it was to ring a knell to one of my fondest hopes. I groped my way into the habiliments of day, and with sleepy eyes launched forth into the frosty and lonesome steet.

Just around the corner, I heard the musical sounds of tin implements striking against each other—the city man's nearest approach to that lovellest of discords the tintinnabulation of the cow-bell's clanger—and looking up beheld the little red wagon of my own pet milkman drawn up close to the curb.

He was bending over some work, in which he seemed to be absorbed, and as I drew near I had a chance to see what its nature was before he caught sight of me.

And oh, what do you think the rogue was doing? It chokes me so that I can scarcely speak the sentence. He was "topping off" milk bottles from the cream can. He was putting that final and convincing head of gold upon the surface of the fluid which I had been taught to believe was "bottled at the dairy."

The same old forehead of brass and feet of clay! I turned aside and wept.

It matters to me no longer what the fluid underneath really was, whether it ever saw a cow; whether it had done service in other capacities—paid tribute to the churn or come in the first place from the pump or hydrant. My bottle of milk was a cream topped fraud, and I had been paying worship to a false and hollow idol.

Henceforth I forswear milk as a beverage, and will confine myself to wormwood and gall.

Milkman, spare that can,
Touch not a single drop;
I thought I had a pinch,
But it was all on top.

AFTER SUPPER SMILES.

Strange that fast colors should be warranted not to run.

Working under stimulants is mortgaging to-morrow's energy.—[Milwaukee Daily Journal.

Fingers of steal—the thief's.

He taught his wife the sin of dress
With eloquence and power.
And then played billiards all day long
At sixty cents an hour.
—[Cloak Review.

There are big lugs in the true sense of the word in the South. The biggest in size in the world is the hercules beetle of South America, which grows to be six inches in length.

"He must have been a facetious man who, when arrested, sent for a cotton planter to bale him out," says the New York *Commercial Advertiser*.

Lady de Primrose—"What do you think of the new duchess?"

Mrs. Normanby—"Oh, she's a perfect phonograph."

Lady de Primrose—"I don't understand. What do you mean?"

Mrs. Normanby—"Well, you see, she speaks without thinking."—[Judge.

The Lies Are Shown Up.

The American protective tariff league's correspondent at Holstein, Iowa, Mr. C. Muna, says: "The McKinley bill is fast undoing the lying work of last fall. We are carefully watching the trend of public opinion and I must say it is highly gratifying. Every day McKinley prices come up in some form and the 'scare' of last election is fast becoming a laughing stock. Manufactured goods have not advanced any but are rather lower, while farm products are still except hogs. In that line everybody sees the cause. High priced corn has sent thousands of hogs prematurely forward and it is plain that future prices for at least one year will be firm. This applies also to grain. There is a bright outlook, money is plenty and easy, trading is heavy, and a general hopeful feeling pervades this section. Farm sales are no greater than usual and prices fancy. If our manufacturers continue as they are doing one half of the battle is won. The South American treaties are very favorable received, and if the expected results come from them we have secured a great victory triumph. Personally, I look for magnificent returns."

"You Press the Button."

A curious costume for London fogs is said to be the invention of an American visitor, and is to be made of light waterproof cloth, to protect the wearer from the damp of the fog. It is to be compact and comfortable in cut, and furnished with buttons the size of a half-crown piece. The whole brilliancy of the new garment lies in the buttons, which will be really tiny electric lamps connected with a miniature battery concealed in the dress, after the style of those used by fairies in the pantomimes. A soft foque, with lamp in front, is desirable, but not necessary, to complete the costume, which can be lighted up as occasion demands.

What Wont They Use For War?

Through experiments made by English military authorities it has been found that whenever the atmosphere is laden with smoke or mist the power of an electric light is greatly diminished by crossing the beam of light by that of another at a certain angle. At the point of intersection the illuminated space is practically made a screen. It is proposed to utilize this knowledge, since the electric beam can thus be made to serve as a screen, back of which tactical operations might be conducted in secret.

Might Try This on the Hudson.

The Seine at Paris is being purified by collecting into a large conduit the sewage which formerly went into that river. The island of St. Louis has pine sewers, and these formerly emptied into the Seine. They now discharge into one large sewer, and the whole sewage is now carried across the river by an ingenious siphon arrangement. The siphon consists of two tubes laid in a bed of concrete, the total length being 334 feet, of which 230 feet is a straight length. The siphon is buried in concrete in the bottom of the river.

An Electric Toy Map.

An instructive scientific toy sold in Paris consists of a map with metallic plugs inserted to mark the chief towns. Questions at the side of the map ask what are the chief towns of the different departments, and also have a metallic plug to mark. A small electric bell and a dry pile are provided. The child puts one end of the conducting wire over any question plug and moves the other end over the town plug until the bell rings, when the town is correctly indicated.

Both Could Not See It.

On the Rialto—H. Irving Booth (indicating enormous stone on his bosom)—Prithee, thou wouldst not think that this stone cost $500, wouldst thou?

Lester Barrett—No.

H. Irving Booth—Neither wouldst I.—[Jewelers' Circular.

Our Serial Story.

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BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER XI.

A FUGITIVE IN THE BANK VAULT.

Men who indulge moderately in the use of stimulants when the skies are bright and fair are liable to do so immoderately when the day of trouble and trial comes to them. In spite of all he had said and done since the return of Laud, Major Steele could not help feeling that his son was to blame for the disaster off Camp Island. But his overweening pride would not permit him to yield a hair to the East Side, for that was the view he took of the situation.

He would have been better satisfied with himself if he had yielded; but he had not laid up even with his treasures on earth a stock of moral courage. After the examination at the club room, he could not help feeling that Laud was in the wrong, and that he was so also in sustaining him. He could not yield to the East Side; and possibly he could not have done so to any other opposition, though the chances in his favor would have been vastly better.

On the present occasion the real battle was in the magnate's own mind and heart. He was a gentleman of great abilities and sound judgment, and he could not escape the conviction which Dr. Pemberton had so politely and gently forced upon him, even while he was firm to the end. The magnate felt that something was driving him against his strong will. He could not silence that power within him which was asserting the truth, and—he went to the hotel bar.

Major Steele told the whole story of the collision, the capture of the Sylvia, and the trial as he called it, at the club room. He did not say that Laud had been in the wrong all the way through; but he had to exercise no little caution to avoid admitting the fact to the cashier, who was his friend and dependent. Doubtless to one on the other side he would have objected to be so stated him.

"Your son testified before the court that Laud was a liar, and he was right," repeated the magnate when he had finished the narrative.

"I hope Larkin did not use such an offensive word," added the official in a deprecatory tone.

"He did not use the word at all, but he did the same thing. All the others in the boat with him testified the same way. I did not want to believe them; but I could not help it."

"And Dr. Pemberton refused to pay for the boat?"

"He did; and between you and me, Dilloway, I should have done as he did; but all the same, I can not let Pemberton put his foot on my neck."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked the cashier.

"Nothing at all; in fact I can't do a thing. If I should sue him, I should certainly get beaten, and that would make it all the worse for me. I must get even with him in some other way," replied the major, who seemed to think this was a duty, and that he should lose his prestige if he failed to punish the doctor for insisting upon his Admitted right.

"Taking your own admission, major, I do not see that you have any occasion to get even with him," suggested Mr. Dilloway, in the mildest manner.

"Are you almost ready, Dilloway?" asked the major, while he was putting the packages on the shelf.

"In a minute or two; I have only to lock up," replied the official.

"All right; I will go out and call up the carriage," replied the magnate, as he left the bank.

"Come out now," whispered the cashier. "Get under the counter, and don't move till I come back."

Laud obeyed the order, and crawled under the counter, while the official locked with the utmost care the two doors of the vault. He had not a suspicion that he was "locking the door after the horse had been stolen," and the fugitive was not frank enough to repeat the proverb to him.

"Stay where you are, and I will come back and let you out of the box after I have been home with your father," said Mr. Dilloway.

"I never utter a word of what is said or done in the bank," added the official with humility, though it galled him to cringe before the man from whom came the price of his children's bread.

"All right, Dilloway; I know you have discretion, or I should have held my tongue. I can not back down before Pemberton; that is sheer impossibility. Laud has got me into this scrape. I have indulged him too much; I have given him boats, horses, carriages, money of travel, and everything he wants except a steamboat, and I won't give him that, for he would certainly blow himself up with it. His uncle told me two years ago that I was spoiling him, ruining him, he calls it lately. I think, after to-day's experience, that he is right."

"It is always best to take things in season," said the cashier, when the president paused and looked at him.

"I ought to have begun sooner with Laud; but I will begin now. I will bring him to a sense of what is right if I have to thrash him every day in the week, Sundays excepted."

"But Laud is not a bad boy, I suppose," suggested the cashier, the remark being for Laud rather than for his father.

"Upon my word, Dilloway, I begin to think he is a bad boy. I don't have the time to look after him, and I don't know what he is about much of the time. According to what I heart about him this afternoon, he is a bigger man than I am, and puts on airs enough for a major general. If I were as arbitrary as he is, I would soak my head for a month."

The cashier thought the magnate could see certain things in his son that he could not see in himself; but he was a prudent man, and he said nothing.

"I think I can bring him down a dozen pegs without hurting him. The worst thing about the whole of this business is that he has been proved to be a liar, a deliberate liar; and the fact will be all over Millonia by to-morrow," continued the indignant father.

The proof that he was a liar could hardly produce any change in the current reputation of the young gentleman in Millonia; but the official had no comments to make.

"I have a dark room in the attic of my house where I used to lock up my fruit," the magnate proceeded, his tongue lubricated by the potation he had taken at the hotel. "I mean to shut the boy up in that room, and give him three days to make up his mind that lying is very unbecoming to a gentleman."

Laud could not help hearing this threat, as he had all the rest that had been said behind the counter of the bank, and he was bracing himself up for the resistance he intended to make. His tongue had not been lubricated, and he did not express his opinion at all, for it was not prudent to do so. He was a chip of the old block, and he made up his mind that he would die, or do something just as bad, before he would submit to be punished by his father, or any other person under the sun, even by imprisonment in the fruit room.

Major Steele appeared to have exhausted the subject upon which he had been talking so long, and he called up the business. He wanted a hundred thousand dollars, and after the cashier had shown what the bank could do for him, the amount proved to be insufficient.

"I have some mortgage notes over to the house, and I believe some of them come due next month," said the major. "I must have this money."

"You can see the figures for yourself, sir," added the cashier.

"If the notes are paid, I can make up the amount; but it is time to be to looking out for the payment of them," replied the major as he rose from his chair and buttoned up his overcoat. "I will put them in the bank for collection, and you may notify the makers of the notes at once on those that will be due next month. That will be soon enough for the operation I have in view."

"Will you bring over the notes, Major Steele?" asked Mr. Dilloway.

"If I think of it I will; but I am very apt to forget such things. My carriage is at the door, and you had better go over to the house and get them, and my man shall drive you home afterwards," suggested the president.

"But I must put things in order here before I go," replied the cashier, a cold chill passing through his frame as he thought of Laud in the vault.

"I will wait till you have done that," said the magnate. "You can't be too careful about the vault in these times. I suppose you read that the Bonganna bank was robbed last night, Dilloway?"

"I heard of the fact; but I could obtain no particulars. How much did they lose?" asked

Recent Literature.

The Latest Volumes that Have Reached the Blade Book Table.

"Log of the Maryland, or Adventures at Sea," by Douglas Frazier, the author of that most ingenious story, "Perseverance Island," is a most interesting account of an actual voyage from a New England port to China in the "fifties," the author being in command as master and owner with the intention of establishing an American mercantile house in the land of the Celestials. The volume is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

"Five-Minute Declamations," second part, selected and adapted by Walter K. Fobes, and published by Lee & Shepard, is a continuation of a work which has attracted considerable attention and approval.

The second part of King's "Picturesque Geographical Readers," from the same house, has made its appearance entitled "This Continent of Ours," and it is fully equal to the firstone.

"Phil and the Baby," and "False Witness," are two stories by the well-known writer Lucy C. Lillie, author of the "The Colonel's Money," "Jo's Opportunity," and others. Harper & Brothers are the publishers.

"New York and Its Environs," by Gustav Kobbe, author of "Jersey Coast and Pines," is also published by the Harpers.

"Our Italy," is a very handsome volume brought out by the Harpers, the author of which is Charles Dudley Warner. It is really a description in the author's happy vein, of Southern California, which he holds to be the Italy of this continent, by reason of its climate, productions and resources.

From the Worthington Co., New York city, come in paper covers, "A Brave Woman," by L. Marlitt, which is translated by Margaret P. Waterman, with over 50 illustrations; and "Boris Lensky," by Ossip Schubin, translated by Elise L. Lathrop, with photogravoure illustrations. Both are good stories and worth reading.

"The Primes and Their Neighbors" is a collection of Ten Tales of Middle Georgia, by Richard Malcolm Johnston, the writer whose dialect stories of the South have found such favor everywhere. The following are some of those contained in the present list: "The Durance of Mr. Dickerson Prime;" "The Combustion of Jim Rakestraw;" "The Self Protection of Mr. Littleberry Roach;" "The Humors of Jacky Bundle;" "The Experiment of Miss Sally Cash," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

The books mentioned above were received from Brown, Eager & Hull.

Financiering in Georgia.

Four or five of us were waiting on a hotel veranda in a Georgia town for the 'bus to drive up and take us to the depot, when a colored man came along, dragging after him about the meanest-looking dog you ever saw.

"What are you going to do with him?" asked one of the group.

"Kill him sah!"

"But why?"

"No good, sah."

"Then sell him."

"Can't do it."

"Then give him away."

"Nobody would dun take him."

"I'll take him. Bring him right up here."

"You is foolin', sah."

"No, I ain't. Here, give him to me, and here's a quarter for you."

He tied the dog to a chair and ran over to a hardware store and bought a collar. Then he went to a dry goods store and got half a yard of red silk and a yard of blue ribbon, and in ten minutes the dog was blanketed up and bowed up until he did look fancy. He was taken to the depot in the 'bus, and we had scarcely arrived when a white man, who sat on a box whittling, came forward, and said:

"What ye got thar, stranger?"

"Chinese fox hound," replied our friend.

"Shoo! Never saw one before."

"This is the only one in this country."

"Cost a heap."

"Given to me by the Chinese Consul at Washington, but I wish he had him back. He's so wild after game that he bethers the life out of me."

"Is he all right for this climate?"

"Oh, yes."

"Good-natured?"

"A perfect baby."

"How much'll buy him?"

"Well—um. I never set any value on him. He's a present, and I suppose I ought to keep him, but as he is a fox dog and this is a fox country, some good man around here ought to have him."

"Will you take twenty dollars?"

"Um! Make it twenty-five."

"Can't do it. Just got two tens here for the dog as he stands."

"Well, I suppose you'll use him well, and it will be better for the dog."

We rolled away on the train as the purchaser headed for home with his dog. None of us could say a word for a long, long time. It was the seller who finally spoke first, and he said:

"Gentlemen, think it over, and be ready to name your drink when we reach Atlanta."—[N. Y. Sun.

No Place for Counts.

He suddenly halted as he saw a sign "To Let" in Irving place and in answer to his ring a young woman came to the door.

"Rooms or whole house?" he asked.

"Rooms," she replied.

"Southern exposure?"

"Yes."

"Decorated?"

"Yes."

"Steam heat?"

"Yes."

"Services of janitor?"

"Yes."

"Elevator?"

"Yes."

"Halls carpeted, and everybody made to feel at home?"

"Certainly."

"References required?"

"Of course."

"Ah! then, I am done for! I cannot furnish them and yet preserve my incognito as the Count Stephanlo. Give me dead away, you see, and I would be constantly bored with callers and newspaper notices."

"Well!" the woman asked, in a voice which had a touch of snowdrifts in it.

"Therefore, madame, if you would kindly hew me off a liberal slice of bread, and put a liberal hunk of cold beefsteak on it, and add a hard-boiled egg and a couple of olives, I do sincerely believe—"

She banged the door on him, and after a bit he turned away and descended the steps with a disconsolate look, and said to himself:

"They don't seem to be up on counts in this street. I'll drop down a square or two and announce myself as the governor of New Hampshire."—[New York Sun.

Rothschild's Maxims.

A practical and helpful gift from a parent to a son would be the following alphabetical list of maxims, printed or written as a heading to a calendar, or framed and hung upon the wall of his room. It is said that Baron Rothschild had these maxims framed and hung in his house:

Attend carefully to the details of your business.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well and then decide positively.
Dare to do right, fear to do wrong.
Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation or business.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind free from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe good manners.
Pay your debts promptly.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parent.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not, intoxicating drinks.
Use your leisure time for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Extend to every one a kindly salutation.
Yield not to discouragement.
Zealously labor for right.
And success is certain.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
The Best Tonic
known: furnishing sustenance to both brain and body.

HOW ARE YOUR NAILS?

SCENES IN A MANICURE PARLOR.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Young and Old, Who Have Their Finger Nails Trimmed, Sawed, Filed and Scraped.

"There's many a white hand holds an urn,
With lovers' heart to dust consumed,
Wi' her milky, milky hand."
—[Cunningham.

A snug, cozy, pretty little parlor, with wide, sunny lace-draped windows, where sings a yellow-breasted canary, inviting easy chairs, open piano and pretty trifles innumerable were disclosed by the swinging of a door in an up-town business block. Behind a silk-covered bamboo screen sat the owner of the apartment bending gracefully over a shapely hand, whose arm rested easily on a velvet cushion, and here you have a regular afternoon scene in the manicure's parlor.

The arm on the cushion is not always feminine, nor the hand shapely, but the artiste who clips and files, brushes and scrapes the nails on the fairy or unfairy-like digits always preserves the same placid smile, varied now and then by a backward toss of the head as she surveys with pardonable pride the polished, pink-tinted, shell-like nails resting in the palm of her hand.

Invited to a chair behind the screen a BLADE reporter watched the interesting process and chatted with the genius of the brush and file about the novel occupation.

"Yes, it is a good occupation for women, but requires patience and aptitude to master the art like all other things. In the far West there are many manicure parlors, Denver and San Francisco having as sumptuously fitted up apartments as the Eastern cities. America's first manicure, Mary E. Cobb, whose establishment to-day is the leading, largest and most elegant of its kind in the world, thirteen years ago opened up a new field for women, and in every city a manicure parlor is now indispensable.

As the artiste talked her nimble fingers sped deftly on with her work, and the languorous beauty reclining in the opposite chair viewed her rosy finger tips with satisfaction, and with a little enthusiastic spurt of confidence murmured that Charlie did so admire her finger nails, and they were just too lovely, any way, now weren't they? Indeed they were. A faultless hand, perfect in form, rounded, plump, soft, white and dimpled, with slender, tapering fingers, and transparent nails the hue of a sea-shell.

The artiste with a swift touch scraped, sandpapered and polished, until the pair of hands were pronounced complete, and with a sprinkle of faintly odorous perfume on the soft palms, the maiden tripped gaily away.

Each of the manicure's customers has his appointed hour, and many are there whose finger nails are regularly brought to the parlors to be inspected. The lawyers, doctors and society young men lounge into the parlors and enjoy the soft soothing touch of the manicure's finger as she holds their clumsy hands in he firm ones. What man living would not enjoy having his finger nails so treated? A gentleman is the manicure's favorite customer. His hands are more easily attended to; his nails are broader and thicker and not so tender as those belonging to femininity, and then, he is so easy to please, and generous in his praises of her work.

But the manicure's best customer is the type-writer girl. And who has a better right to a pretty hand than she whose fingers flutter daily over the keys of her machine and are ever before her vision? The type-writer girl is proud of her hands, and feasts her eyes on her tapering fingers and dainty nails, while she grinds out dry business documents or solves knotty problems in the hieroglyphic characters of her note-book.

There are nails and nails, and no one loves a pretty one more than the artiste herself. There is a fascination in watching a perfect nail evolved from an imperfect one; but there are nails in which she can find no pleasure, nails that have been chewed and bitten until the flesh has grown nearly over them and they have sunken from sight. There are short, stumpy fingers and ill-shaped hands, for even these can be charmed away by the magic of the little tools and bottles of sweet-scented oils that are found on the manicure's table.

A finished gentleman was described by Horace, the Latin poet, as a man with well-trimmed finger-nails, and he regarded them as evidences of respectability. Others have been made famous solely by the beauty of their nails, as Jerome Cardan, the French philosopher, whose nails were so large and magnificent in shape, that he considered them one of the four eminent gifts bestowed upon him by Heaven that he might be distinguished from the rest of the world.

There are peculiar styles in finger-nails, the Chinese allowing theirs to attain the incredible length of 14 to 18 inches, while a long nail is a distinctive mark of nobility among the Siamese, and silver cases are often worn to protect them.

The brilliantly polished, almond-shaped nail has had its day. The nail to be correct must be squarely cut, but faintly polished and is of a decided pinkish tint.

Finger-nail lore is an interesting study, and many novel and curious ideas are held by different nations in regard to the nails. There is character to be read in a finger-nail which is often a true index to a person's nature, but the manicure contents herself with her work and leaves sign-reading to the lover of the fascinating science of palmistry.

TRAIN HELD BY TELEPHONE.

Conversation Between a Railroad President and an Employe.

One side of a conversation over the telephone is said to be very satisfactory, but the one which a Kalamazoo *Telegraph* reporter happened to hear a few days ago gave promise of being so interesting that he waited to hear the finish.

It seems that W. O. Hughart, president of the G. R. & I. railroad, was in the city and called at Mount Holyoke Seminary, as he takes great interest in that educational institution, being president of the board of trustees. The time flew rapidly, and he found himself late for the train home. About this time the telephone bell rang in the G. R. & I. depot, and a young man, late of Kentucky, a new employe of the road, and one not acquainted with the officials, answered the call. Here is the conversation in the depot end of the line:

"Yes, this is the G. R. and I."

"At 9:25, sir."

"Hold the train? Well, I guess not."

"I'll bet you $2 we don't hold it."

"Just a few seconds? We won't hold it a second."

"Don't care who you are. See you in Jericho before we'll delay a train."

"Won't do no good to talk with Mr. Baker. We run our trains on time. This is no Jim Crow road."

"Who in h—— is Hughart?"

At the mention of that name everyone in the office, from Station Agent Baker to messenger boy, made a rush and tried to get the telephone away from the Kentucky chap, but nothing daunted, the young man sang out:

"Stand back there; I started in with this 'duck' and I guess I can handle him."

"But he's the president of the road," argued Mr. Baker.

"The president of the road," gasped the young man. And then he yelled over the wire:

"Yes, we'll hold the train for you—hold it a week if you say so."

The young man has been exiled to Bowling Green.

For Cure of
SPRAINS & STRAINS
use
St. Jacobs Oil
Cures
STIFFNESS.
Stiff Neck, Soreness

THE FIRST POTATO IN EUROPE.

Planted in Vienna and Not, as Often Supposed, in Cork.

The planting of a potato by Clausius, in 1588, in the botanical gardens at Vienna, is named as the introduction of the potato in Europe. But there is good reason to believe that it was introduced into England and Spain a few years earlier, and from Spain into Italy and Belgium. It has been said, too, that Christopher Columbus was the first European whoever tasted a potato. What he tasted at Cuba, in 1491, and brought home to Genoa, was the sweet potato.

The potato is a native of Chili. It had been brought from South America by the Spaniards when Sir Walter Raleigh found it in Virginia and took specimens of it to England.

During the seventeenth century it was quite a rarity in England. A committee of the Royal society urged, in 1662, that all the fellows who possessed lands should "plant potatoes and persuade their friends to do the same, in order to alleviate the distress that would accompany a scarcity of food."

Before this a prejudice had existed against it, as being poisonous and unwholesome, probably because the proper method of cooking it had not become generally known, and it even had been eaten raw. In 1738 the first field of potatoes was planted in the Lowlands of Scotland. Its cultivation in India, Bengal, the Dutch East Indies, China, and Australia, is of comparately recent date.

It is not only as a food plant that the potato is of value. Starch is made from it for the landry and for the manufacture of farina. The dried pulp from which the starch has been extracted is used for making boxes. From the stem and leaves a narcotic is extracted. In some cases cakes and puddings are made from potato flour.

The potato disease, which has been the cause of famines in Ireland, is a species of fungus which first attacks and discolors the stalks, then spreads to the tubers, increasing the quantity of water in them, reducing the quantity of starch, and so altering the other substances as to render the potato unfit for food.—[Youth's Companion.

For THE BLADE.

THE DARING.

BY IDA ESTELLE CROUCH.

Ages ago, 'tis recorded in story,
A hero, earth born, dared the thunders of Jove,
And scaling the walls of Olympus in glory
Brought fire to nations in darkness that strove.
The bolt-hurling Jupiter, vengeance declaring,
Upon the lone crag of Mount Caucasus dread,
Storm winds above, chained Prometheus the daring,
Whose heart ever grew as the fierce vulture fed.

Ours is the task from the heaven-blest powers
That nature has given, to snatch the bright flame
Of a high inspiration, tho' destiny lowers;
To dare and defy every fate for a name;
For a name that shall bear peace and love to our brothers,
A name to be trusted, a name that is strong,
When murky the clouds that hang heavy o'er others,
To burst all the right and to challenge the wrong.

Each life that is fired by noble ambition,
Defies the fate that Prometheus defied,
From darkness to light is no easy transition;
Applause must be tempted, and pleasures denied.
When the soul longs, with a passionate yearning,
To be like the gods, and with them walk divine,
The base and ignoble, with haughty zeal spurning,
To drain their brimmed goblets of nectarous wine,

'Tis bound to the rock of a cold, cruly duty;
It may not soar sunward, but quivers in pain.
Where is life's perfume, and luster, and beauty?
The vultures around it hope's crimson tide drain.
Ah, tortured heart do not yield. It is given
To thee in thy suffering, blisses to know
That never were tasted in luxury's heaven,
That thrill thy lone spirit with radiant glow.

Lo, at the foot of Christ's cross bloom the flowers;
Faith ever triumphant o'er death and the tomb:
Sunshine returns after dreariest showers;
Daybreak is fairer after midnight's stern gloom.
Let each look upward, and let us press onward;
Let us to truth ever dare to be true.
Loosing the shackles, then heavenward, dawnward—
Ethereal freedom, the spirit's adieu.

THE TRYSTING TREE.

The winds are here, the woods are scar,
The swallows south have fled.
The beech tree in the whitehorn lane
Is robed in ruby red.
The dear old beech, beneath whose boughs
We lingered love, and told
Our first fond love and mutual vows,
Ere green had changed to gold.

The kiss you gave, your whispered word,
None marked, and no one knows,
None save the little singing bird,
The wild bird and the rose.
The rose that clambered o'er the hedge
And blushed to see you blush,
What time we plighted love's long pledge
That golden even hush.

I bore away a leaf to-day,
That burned beneath the beech.
Perchance of you in days to be
'Twill find a fond recess.
Some day when fortune's frown is black
'Twill woo me with your voice
To that sweet summer trysting back,
And make my heart rejoice.

Sure other flowers of other hours
The memories will recall;
But this red leaf may wake 'mid grief
That day 'neath the trysting tree
That day 'neath the trysting tree
In summer weather blue,
When you, sweet, gave your heart to me,
And I gave mine to you.
—[Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Jeff Davis Describes Sumner.

Mrs. Jeff Davis pays her respects to Charles Sumner in her memoirs of her husband. She calls him a handsome, unpleasing man, whose conversation was studied, but brilliant; his manner deferential only as a matter of social policy; consequently he never inspired the women to whom he was attentive with the pleasant consciousness of possessing his regard or esteem. He was, until the fracas with Mr. Brooks, fond of talking to Southern women and prepared himself with great care for these conversational pyrotechnics, in which there was much Greek fire, and the "set pieces" were numerous. This is hardly so unfaithful a portrait of Mr. Sumner as it might be.—[Boston Herald.

THE PROMISE OF SPRING.

Slow dies the wintry day, the winds of March
Break with their icy breath the evening hush,
And snow clad hills reflect the sunset flush
That paints with purple all heaven's western arch,
But from the laden branches of the larch,
Upon the frosty air a happy thrush
Pours floods of melody, and flings a gush
Of gladsome music to the winds of March.

Thus, when our life's drear winter lingers long—
When with the eve there comes no vision sweet
To our sad eyes, and hope has taken wing—
Oh, may some distant strains of seraph song
Burst forth and tell us that our faltering feet
Stand on the threshold of a joyous Spring!
—[Chambers's Journal.

The Secret of Success.

Interview with P. T. Barnum.

"What is the secret of success? Advertising—advertising—nothing else That is the sum and substance of the whole thing. I put advertising ahead of pluck, perseverance and economy. Get yourself talked of and written about, even if you are abused and traduced, if you hope for success in this world. I remember when I got Tom Thumb and Lavinia Warren married in Grace church—ah! what a splendid piece of advertising that was! There was, of course, considerable opposition on the part of many church people, and a few days after a woman came to me with an account she had written of the affair. She was a blackmailer and told me I had better buy the manuscript outright, as it was a terrible attack on me. 'My dear madam,' I said, 'I don't care what you have said about me. If you have stated that I stole the communion service from Grace church so much the better. Say anything you like; only, for heaven's sake, say something.' So she decided that trying to blackmail me was not a success. No man need to expect to succeed without advertising."

Hie, lads and lassies! hie away!
Nor brook a single hour's delay,
If you would carry in your mouth
White teeth, and odors of the South,
Haste, haste, and buy a single font
Of the unrivalled SOZODONT.

Shut the door against disease. Danger comes oftenest through impure blood. Keep your blood in order, and you keep in health. For this, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It invigorates the liver, purifies and enriches the blood, and rouses every organ into healthy action. By this means it cures. Every part of the system feels its saving influence. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Scrofulous, Skin and Scalp Diseases—even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages, all yield to it. It's the only Liver, Blood and Lung Remedy that's *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, or the money is refunded. Trying terms to sell on—but it's a medicine that can carry them out.

"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol to inebriate, and no syrup or sugar to derange digestion.

It's a concentrated vegetable extract; put up in large bottles; pleasant to the taste, and equally good for adults or children.

WHO WROTE IT?

A Compact Made Fifty Years Ago Expires—John Brougham.

If Dion Boucicault and John Brougham were alive to-day they would be at liberty to divulge a secret, for a compact of silence made 50 years ago has expired by limitation. The bargain between those two actors, playwrights and managers related to the disputed authorship of London Assurance. That famous comedy was first acted at the Covent Garden theater on March 4, 1841. The prior announcements had named nobody as the dramatist. Boucicault and Brougham were very young men, and both had done a little in the way of acting and composing, but neither had made any reputation at all. The late Charles Matthews acted a part and directed the rehearsals, and the youngsters were in close attendance during the preparations, but it is doubtful if even Matthews knew positively who had written the piece. At the conclusion of the trial performance the audience called for the author. Boucicault and Brougham stood together before the prompter when Mme. Vestris, the Lady Gay Spanker of the original cast, remarked that the time seemed to have come to divulge the identity of the successful person. On the instant, Boucicault stepped out in front of the curtain, and held the edge of it behind him, close to the side of the proscenium, so that Brougham could only have joined him before the audience by using force. These particulars of Brougham's confession from the humors were given by Matthews during his last visit to New York, to a friend; but when Matthews was asked who really wrote the comedy, he replied emphatically that he did not know. The general public has all along been aware that, while Boucicault's sole authorship has never been formally disputed, Brougham has been credited by many with part of the work—with all of it by some of his ardent admirers.

Not many years before John Brougham's death he and Boucicault met by appointment in the office of George Lewis, the noted London lawyer, and there passed from the latter to the former the sum of $10,000. Boucicault had just made a great amount of money out of The Shaughraun, and Brougham was poor, his last venture in theatricals here in New York having failed. At third man present was Jean Paul Paret. It is the divulgence of this meeting upon the authority of an old member of the Lotos club (of which Brougham was once president) that can now be made for the first time, and which goes far to clear the mystery away from the authorship of London Assurance. The basis of the play was three one-act French pieces of a farcical character, like those which Maddison Mortus "adopted" into the many English farces bearing his name. Two had been printed in Paris and transiently read many years before. But the third was in the manuscript of Jean Paul Paret's father, and was bought very cheaply by Boucicault, who amalgamated it with the others, the result being London Assurance. How clever he was at dovetailing short pieces into a long one was demonstrated so late as Forbidden Fruit, which he manufactured out of two French farces of two different authors. John Brougham had an equal hand with him, however, in thus producing London Assurance. The exact proportions of their collaboration cannot now be ascertained. But the fact is positive that Brougham was a joint author. The bargain was that the secret should be kept for fifty years from the first production. Now that it is disclosed, all the parties to the compact are dead, the uncopyrighted play has no more value, and only those interested in the rights and wrongs of fame will care much about the subject any way.

For THE BLADE.

A SPRING POEM.

BY BERT H. WHITAKER.

I must begin an ode on Spring,
Or very soon 'twill be too late—
For spring will be so far advanced
It will not be appropriate.

O gentle spring has come at last!
I hear the robins singing,
And through the grass I soon shall see
The little violets springing.

(Well, that first stanza's very good—
Beyond all expectation—
And if I write the rest as well,
'Twill win great admiration.)

The robins warble in the trees—
(But, hold! I am repeating;
What other signs of Spring are there?
O yes, the lambs are bleating.)

The little lambs bleat in the field,
They're happy and contented—
(I've tried to find a proper rhyme,
Till I'm about demented.)

The little violets soon I'll see—
(But *that* I've said already;
My state of mind is growing worse,
And e'en my hand's unsteady.)

So I'll lay this by till ninety-two,
Because my muse has left me—
Nor is that all, for this ode has
Of common sense bereft me.

A Private Interview.

A landlord in a country village was busily employed at his desk, when a farmer came to the door and asked to see him.

The man was asked his errand, but he persisted that he must see the hotel-keeper alone. The latter stepped outside, when the farmer motioned him to follow, and walked around to the rear of the hotel.

When they were well around the corner the farmer stated that he wished to buy a cow, and had heard that the landlord had one to sell.

"Come on," said the other, and led the way through a garden, a patch of potatoes and, after climbing a fence, through a muddy barnyard and into the hotel barn.

When they were inside, the landlord put his mouth near the other's ear and whispered:

"Say, neighbor, I've sold my cow!"—[Youth's Companion.

Beyond the Judge's Power.

The following story was told by an old sailor to Samuel Adam Drake, and should be appreciated equally by those who love and those who loathe "the thing they call the sea."

"Most allus makes more or less folks unwell, the motion does. We had two gents aboard of us last trip. One of 'em was a lawyer. My grief, wasn't he done up, though! 'Tother wasn,t a bit. There he sot smokin' as calm as a kitten. He wns a high-up jedge, goin' down to hold court.

"'Can I do anything for you?' says he.

"'Yes,' gasped the seasick one. 'I wish your honor would overrule this motion.'"—[Toronto Mail.

Letters to Young Citizens.

NUMBER XII.

THE MERIT SYSTEM OF MAKING APPOINTMENTS.

[Written for THE BLADE by Theodore Roosevelt, Member National Civil Service Commission.

By reform in the Civil Service, we mean the introduction of the merit system of making appointments in the public service, as opposed to the old spoils or patronage system. The essential difference between the two systems can be summed up by saying that the merit system is that which eliminates favoritism, whether political or personal, in making appointments, and aims to fill all the subordinate offices of the government solely with reference to the capacity of the applicants to perform the special duties which they seek; while the spoils, or patronage theory of making appointments, on the other hand, implies that a man's fitness for the place to which he is appointed is purely a secondary consideration, and that the first consideration is his fealty to the party in power, or to some influential political chief.

The merit system is thoroughly American, thoroughly democratic and republican. The spoils, or patronage system is thoroughly unAmerican, thoroughly undemocratic and unrepublican. The spoils system fosters the growth of a special privileged class, that is, the class of political workers. The merit system, or system of civil service reform, prevents the growth of this class, and fills the public service with people who are really the servants of the whole public, not the servants of any particular individual or particular party, and who keep their offices only so long as they serve the public faithfully and well, without regard to the influence of their party backers or the fate of their party friends. The spoils system inevitably produces a caste or class of men who go into politics for a livlihood, and who make the business of office-getting their only aim. These men care little for the questions which really make up political life. They are only remotely interested in protection or free trade, bimetalism or monometalism; what they care for is the offices. It is a matter of bread and butter with them to manage the primaries and control the elections, and as they have an active personal interest in the matter the chances are always in their favor, as against the mass of honest non officeholding citizens. Accordingly, under the spoils system the great caste of officeholders exercises a most noxious influence on politics. Probably there is no other one influence in American life, not even the influence of the rum shops, which has produced so much degradation in our political life as the system of spoils appointments, the theory that to the victors in a political contest belong the spoils, for which the whole people pay.

I hold that the radical introduction of the reform system of making appointments would measurably improve the public service, and would greatly improve public life. It would sound the death knell of a host of the cheaper and viler politicians; and they naturally regard it with peculiar hatred and abhorrence. There are of course misguided men of honesty and ability who are opposed to the reform, and there are a great many good people who are indifferent or hostile to it through sheer ignorance. But nineteen-twentieths of the opponents, whether in Congress or elsewhere, are sure to be men whose mere presence in our political life is a curse to the country; men of narrow minds and defective consciences, who feel a natural and sour hatred toward any system that means good government and honesty. The immense horde of office-seekers and of officeholders under the patronage system furnishes these base political leaders with a mercenary army, compact and well disciplined. Their opposition to the reform is strenuous and bitter because they realize that it strikes at their power.

On the other hand, the average good citizen has but a general interest in its success. He has no special interest or concern in the matter. His interest is simply that of all other good citizens, and hence is less effective than is the concrete and selfish activity of the spoilsmen. It is this which accounts for the comparatively slow progress of the reform.

It is noteworthy that the opponent of the reform never under any circumstances speaks the truth in opposing it or advances a single argument against it which is worth refuting; his weapons are merely slander and misrepresentation. He has no case, and he knows it, and therefore takes refuge in mendacity. One of his cheapest falsehoods persistently indulged in, although continually exposed, is to the effect that the examinations for entry into civil service are impractical. The man who asserts this, either asserts what he knows to be false, or else he is so ignorant of the subject that he has no right to speak about it. Our examinations are absolutely practical, and the questions we ask are absolutely relevant to the duties the various candidates are expected to perform. Nine-tenths of our positions are filled from examinations for clerk, copyist, letter-carrier, and the like. A clerk or copyist we examine in spelling, penmanship, copying, letter-writing, any simple arithmetic. These are precisely the subjects in which a man has to possess proficiency if he wishes to be a good copyist or clerk. Similarly, a stenographer is examined in stenography, a typewriter in typewriting. A railway mail-clerk is tested in his knowledge of the railway mail-systems of his division and of the geography of the United States. A letter carrier is tested as to his skill and speed in reading addresses and his knowledge of the local delivery of his city. All our questions are absolutely practical, absolutely relevant and experience has shown that they test in the best possible manner the capacity of the candidates. The offices wherein the Civil Service law is best observed, are precisely the offices in which the public is best served and the interests of the community receive most prompt and intelligent attention. The best postoffices in the country (to take a few examples out of many) those like the postoffices at Boston, under Mr. Corse; at Brooklyn, under Mr. Hendricks, at Philadelphia, under Mr. Field; at Indianapolis, under Mr. Wallace; at Chicago, under Mr. Saxton, where the Civil Service law has been observed in spirit and letter.

The law is long past its experimental stage. It has been tried faithfully for seven years, and wherever it has had a fair chance it has worked admirably, and has produced the greatest improvement over the old system. At present about a fourth of the offices of the country are under the law—that is, are in the classified service, as it is called. Thus nearly 32,000 places are withdrawn from the degrading and demoralizing effects of the spoils system. It is earnestly to be wished that this system may in the end be extended so as to cover the entire public service of the government, excepting the few positions where the duties are really political. The thorough elimination of politics from the civil service under the United States government would be of all reforms the most beneficial, and would produce the best and most lasting results in purifying politics throughout the country.

Washington, D. C.

Tidal Wave of Modesty.

What is this amazing tidal wave of modesty that is sweeping over the prairies of the glorious West? The Minnesota legislature has before it a bill declaring that the wearing of tights on the stage is open and gross lewdness, punishable by a fine of from $5 to $100. The governor of Wyoming refuses to use the new seal of that state because the figure of Liberty appears thereon as a nude female. The city council of Mankato has directed that all circus posters depicting ladies whose dresses do not reach their knees shall be torn down by the police as being obscene.—[New York Continent.

Weak, Nervous Men!

Send for sealed particulars, free, of Common Sense Home Treatment, which will speedily restore you to complete vigor and manhood. No electric nonsense, no stomach drugging. Albion Pharmacy Co., Albion, Mich.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

Lived in a Dismal Swamp.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—"Talking about slavery days," said one of our blind veterans to me yesterday, "I met a strange family under peculiar circumstances during the memorable siege of Vicksburg. Truth is often stranger than fiction, I am told, and if you'll listen to me I will explain.

"Lake Providence is situated on the Louisiana side of the river, about 75 miles above Vicksburg, in the center of the richest cotton country that my regiment passed through while I was in the service. Ten or twelve miles back of town you enter swamps so dreary, so dismal, that I am unable to give you a correct picture. It's a wilderness of woe, where dangerous animals abound; heavily timbered, with all cane under, and Spanish moss all over trees, hanging over bayous full of stagnant water, alive with an army of turtles and snakes that skirmish among cypress knees and rotten logs for subsistence. Even in broad daylight such a swamp will cause a feeling of lonesomeness, awe and fear in your breast.

"Comrade, I became lost there one night in June, 1863, and the recollection of it will be fresh to me all my life. You see, I had no clear idea of the country between Providence and Delhi, or Delta, and as I started out rather late in the day, and afoot, on a little scouting expedition, I was soon surrounded by darkness, and consequently lost the crooked little cotton road, cut through timber and winding around pools of slimy water towards Delhi, 50 miles distant.

"The more I walked, the more confused I got, and although considered a courageous fellow in camp, I actually felt scared. Finally, to cap the climax, it began to rain heavily. Taking shelter under a large tree, I sat down tired and worn, but was soon roused by the mosquitoes, re-inforced by lizzards and other things. Again I started, and in forcing my way through what seemed to be an endless canebrake, I came out on a little clearing on higher ground. To my great joy and astonishment I saw a bright light just ahead a few more steps, and a queer-looking, long, low, building was before me, which on close inspection turned out to be one of those old Ohio river flatboats, that you perhaps have seen coming out of the Wabash, loaded with produce for Southern markets. I called out, and directly the front door of the cabin opened and a very tall, dark-looking man appeared, holding a lantern on high, eyeing me suspiciously. He addressed me in a foreign language (French) which I did not understand.

"I addressed the stranger with, 'My friend, please let me rest a spell with you, for I am wet, worn and lost.'

"'Good God! man, who are you?' exclaimed my tall friend. 'You are the first white man that has found me here since the armies have been in these parts.' C. M., 15th Ills.

"On invitation, I followed my strange host into a small apartment used as a tool house. Rope, oars, steel traps and fishing tackle were on the floor, while the walls were decorated by several army muskets, two canteens, a cavalry sabre and other weapons. Next we came to the family sitting room, and here I was introduced to three ladies and two small children, as a stranger who had lost his way and was seeking shelter for daylight. The room was poor, carpets and furniture still showing signs of former splendor. Well, comrade, here was an interesting family. Joe, my giant host, was a splendid specimen of the American-born negro, minus African ugliness. He was well raised, as he said, thanks to a liberal master, and was the son of a black father and a half-breed mother, the oldest of the three women present, and who, with a face furrowed and wrinkled, was still as lively as a cricket. Next in age was Emma, daughter of a wealthy Louisiana cotton planter and the same half-breed mother. Emma was a woman of rare beauty, and fairly well educated. She was the mother of the two beautiful little girls, and owner of 900 acres of the finest cotton land in East Carroll parish. The father of her children was an ex-governor of Louisana, who never could be induced to introduce his love little girls into New Orleans society. He willed the aforesaid land to Emma, however, in order to provide for his children. Virginia was a shade darker than Emma. Her father was an ante-bellum plantation overseer. She shared the same mother with Joe and Emma, and would have passed for a Jewish maiden anywhere up North. A young Jewish merchant from the Yazoo river country had offered her his hand and heart just before the war, proposing honest marriage; but he disappeared mysteriously after the news became public. He was after wards found in the river with a pair of dredges on his neck—murdered!

"This and many other strange tales of slavery-day horrors my kind host related to me on that far distant but well-remembered night, his family having retired for the night, leaving us smoking our pipes in the middle cabin of the old craft. Joe was Union to the core, and so were the women folks, for Union victories meant freedom for them. The old trading boat had been left high and dry after a break in the levee, and was about six miles inland. The craft afforded safe quarters during the stormy times of the great siege. Comrade, I believe 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was not much exaggerated, for slavery was very cruel!' And the blind comrade is not far from right.—FRED ROGGE, Co. E, 58th O. V. I.

One of Fremont's Body-Guard.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I wonder if any of the "boys" are still "on deck" that ventured to cross the river in search of turkeys? The soldiers soon got into trouble, for the raft they were on began to sink. Who was the comrade that, in order to lighten the sinking craft, swam to the shore and came near strangling in the cold water? This affair was more of an adventure than the Union man's plantation, near Centralia or Sturgeon, Mo., Christmas eve, 1861, for a breakfast. We were successful, but we were in great danger from attack by bushwhackers and guerrillas. Do any of the veterans remember the battle of Mt. Zion, Mo? Mt. Zion church was filled with wounded, dying and dead rebels. We confiscated horses and farm wagons. I drove a team, hauling flour of our glorious comrades to Sturgeon, Mo., on the N. M. railway.

It has been said that the only cannons captured during the "march to the sea" were those taken at Resaca, Ga. Wonder who captured the rebels' cannons at Ogeechee river, about December 1, 1864? Our brigade was composed of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Minnesota and Michigan regiments. Companies A and F, Mo. 1st Cav.; E, G, H, I, K and K, mostly Illinois and Michigan "boys." The brigade, therefore was called the National Brig., or Fremont's body guard, under a call of the old "Pathfinder," when in command of the West. He was afterward superseded by Halleck. Am I not right, comrades? I trust some of the Michigan, Illinois or Minnesota vets will relate incidents of interest that occurred with the Northwest cavalry; also of Shiloh, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, and the "march to the sea."—MAGNA SAMPSON, Co. B, 60th V. V., W. S. S.

Experiences of Loyal Southerners.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I see there are a few Southern comrades that write short letters, telling us that they had some bitter experiences. The fact of their terrible sufferings and inhuman treatment by the "chivalry" of the South, is conceded by us of the North. We veterans need no argument to prove the fact. A great many of us have witnessed enough of the deavitry of "chivalry" to know that the wives and children of our Southern comrades were not only persecuted, but in many instances the faithful wife, with her new born infant pressed to her aching heart, had to flee for her life; and many found a refuge after weary weeks of wandering, in the camps of the soldiers of the North. Whatever may be charged to the American volunteer, cruelty to suffering women and children was not one of their faults. When near Atlanta, the whole army was put on half rations and troopers on one-fourth rations. I have seen my comrades, time and again, divide the little they had among the starving women and children of the country, and themselves share the horses' corn. This is no fancy tale. I can name every man of my mess. There were seven of us. One (Armstrong) was killed at Pulaski bridge; the rest are all living, I believe. They will all corroborate my statement. I don't want to get the harpies to croaking when I write things that I know to be true. I don't like to be called a liar by writers who imagine that abusing their comrades through the Camp Fire is the correct thing. I shall try to slip by them; but I consider them to be on a par with the village gossips.

What all would like to see in the Camp Fire is the personal experience of the comrades who suffered, or their wives, or sisters. We all know that hundreds of those South

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address, and make your questions plain.

2. Do not ask its where you can *buy* or sell anything, nor ask for addresses of business firms or firms. This would be free advertising.

3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

5. No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

The United States Senate.

E. W. G., Fairmont, Ind.: We now give a full list of the United States senators in the Fifty-second Congress, as far as they are elected. We hope our readers will take notice of this and not again ask us for information contained in the list:

President pro tem.—Chas. F. Manderson, Nebraska.

Term ex.		Politics.
	ALABAMA.	
1897	James L. Pugh	Dem.
1895	John T. Morgan	Dem.
	ARKANSAS.	
1895	James H. Berry	Dem.
1897	James K. Jones	Dem.
	CALIFORNIA.	
1893	Charles N. Felton	Rep.
1897	Leland Stanford	Rep.
	COLORADO.	
1895	Edward O. Wolcott	Rep.
1897	Henry M. Teller	Rep.
	CONNECTICUT.	
1893	Joseph R. Hawley	Rep.
1897	Orville H. Platt	Rep.
	DELAWARE.	
1893	George Gray	Dem
1895	Anthony Higgins	Rep
	FLORIDA.	
1893	Samuel Pasco	Dem
1897	Not yet elected	Dem
	GEORGIA.	
1895	Alfred H. Colquitt	Dem
1897	John B. Gordon	Dem and F. A
	IDAHO.	
1893	George L. Shoup	Rep
1897	Frederick T. DuBois	Rep
	ILLINOIS.	
1895	Shelby M. Cullom	Rep
1897	John M. Palmer	Dem
	INDIANA.	
1893	David Turpie	Dem
1897	Daniel W. Voorhees	Dem
	IOWA.	
1895	James F. Wilson	Rep
1897	William B. Allison	Rep
	KANSAS.	
1895	Preston B. Plumb	Rep
1897	William R. Peffer	F. A
	KENTUCKY.	
1895	John G. Carlisle	Dem
1897	Joseph C. S. Blackburn	Dem
	LOUISIANA.	
1895	Randall L. Gibson	Dem
1897	Edward D. White	Dem
	MAINE.	
1893	Eugene Hale	Rep
1895	William P. Frye	Rep
	MARYLAND.	
1893	Arthur P. Gorman	Dem
1897	Not yet elected	Dem
	MASSACHUSETTS.	
1893	Henry L. Dawes	Rep
1895	George F. Hoar	Rep
	MICHIGAN.	
1893	Francis B. Stockbridge	Rep
1895	James McMillan	Rep
	MINNESOTA.	
1893	Cushman K. Davis	Rep
1895	William D. Washburn	Rep
	MISSISSIPPI.	
1893	James Z. George	Dem
1895	Edward C. Walthall	Dem
	MISSOURI.	
1893	Francis M. Cockrell	Dem
1895	George G. Vest	Dem
	MONTANA.	
1893	Wilbur F. Sanders	Rep
1895	Thomas C. Power	Rep
	NEBRASKA.	
1893	Algernon S. Paddock	Rep
1895	Charles F. Manderson	Rep
	NEVADA.	
1893	William M. Stewart	Rep
1897	John P. Jones	Rep
	NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
1895	William E. Chandler	Rep
1897	Jacob H. Gallinger	Rep
	NEW JERSEY.	
1893	Rufus Blodgett	Dem
1895	John R. McPherson	Dem
	NEW YORK.	
1893	Frank Hiscock	Rep
1897	David B. Hill	Dem
	NORTH CAROLINA.	
1897	Zebulon B. Vance	Dem
1895	Matt W. Ransom	Dem
	NORTH DAKOTA.	
1895	Thomas R. Casey	Rep
1897	Henry B. Hansbrough	Rep
	OHIO.	
1893	John Sherman	Rep
1895	Calvin S. Brice	Dem
	OREGON.	
1895	Joseph N. Dolph	Rep
1897	John N. Mitchell	Rep
	PENNSYLVANIA.	
1893	Matthew S. Quay	Rep
1897	J. Donald Cameron	Rep
	RHODE ISLAND.	
1893	Nelson W. Aldrich	Rep
1895	Nathan F. Dixon	Rep
	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
1895	Matthew C. Butler	Dem
1897	John L. M. Irby	F. A
	SOUTH DAKOTA.	
1895	Richard F. Pettigrew	Rep
1897	John H. Kyle	F. A
	TENNESSEE.	
1893	William B. Bate	Dem
1895	Isham G. Harris	Dem
	VIRGINIA.	
1893	John W. Daniel	Dem
1895	John S. Barbour	Dem
	VERMONT.	
1893	George F. Edmunds	Rep
1897	Justin S. Morrill	Rep
	TEXAS.	
1893	John H. Reagan	Dem
1895	Richard Coke	Dem
	WASHINGTON.	
1893	John B. Allen	Rep
1897	Watson C. Squire	Rep
	WEST VIRGINIA.	
1893	Charles J. Faulkner	Dem
1895	John E. Kenna	Dem
	WISCONSIN.	
1893	Philetus Sawyer	Rep
1897	William T. Vilas	Dem
	WYOMING.	
1893	Francis E. Warren	Rep
1895	Joseph W. Carey	Rep

"Mother Shipton's Prophecy."

J. E. P., Sumner Hill, Ills., sends us the following as Mother Shipton's prediction, in reply to a query to that effect published several weeks ago:

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe;
Around the world man's thoughts shall fly,
In the twinkling of an eye,
Waters shall yet more wonders do;
Hear strange, but yet more true,
The world upside down shall be,
And gold found at the root of a tree,
Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse or ass by his side,
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk,
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green,
Iron on the water shall float,
As easily as a wooden boat,
Gold shall be found and shown
In lands not now known.
England shall at last admit a Jew,
And fire and water shall wonders do.
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

It may not be known to our readers that "Mother Shipton" is a myth. The alleged "prophecies" have been investigated in England, and it was discovered that the story about "Mother Shipton" was invented by some needy "penny-a-liner," some 50 or 60 years ago, who drew on his fancy for the "prophecies." All of them were accomplished facts when he wrote them, except that in the last two lines whose falsity is certainly clear to any one.

Prize Questions.

E. P. L., Naples, N. Y.: Your questions appear to be a portion of a prize competition, and therefore we must decline to answer them.

A. L. V., Cranberry P. O., Ohio: We can not answer prize lists of questions. We will be obliged to you if you will send us a full list of these queries, and state who is offering a prize for their solution.

A. S. F., Salem, O., send us a number of questions about women which are part of some prize competition. We have received the same questions from at least fifty people in different parts of the United States. We shall be obliged if A. S. F. will write and tell us where these questions came from, and send us the full list, if possible.

B. M. S., Eagle Harbor, N. Y.: Please tell us who proposed the list of questions you send us. We have received one or more of them from at least fifty different persons, and would like to know whether they are part of a prize competition or not.

What "Free Coinage" Is.

C. M. H., Banner Springs, Tenn.: By the free coinage of silver, is simply meant that any man having silver bullion shall be allowed to take it to the mint and have it coined into as many silver dollars as it will make. As the amount of silver bullion in the standard silver dollar is now worth about 76 cents, this would be extremely profitable, if the silver dollar remained at its full value in circulation.

The "Loving Cup."

C. M., Hillsboro, O.: 1.—The "loving cup" goes back for its origin to the Middle Ages in England. At the beginning of a banquet, a large silver cup, filled with wine, was set before the host, who, taking a sip, passed it to the most distinguished guest, on his right; and so it was passed from hand to hand until it made the entire circuit of the table, each guest taking a sip of the contents. It was typical of friendship and good cheer, the idea being that all enmities or differences were to be put out of sight during the banquet, and all drinking from the same cup was a pledge of courtesy to do so. 2.—There is no rule for the pronunciation of foreign words which have come into the English language. The only safe guide is to follow the pronunciation marked in the latest dictionaries.

Silver and Missions.

U. C., Auburn, Kan.: 1.—The rise in the price of silver last summer injured the foreign mission work in India, because silver passes among the natives of that country at a considerably higher value than in civilized countries; hence $1,000 would buy bills on India in London for a greater sum, payable in silver, than after silver went up. The price now, however, is down to the same level it was before the speculative rise last summer. 2.—There is no way of putting money in the treasury into circulation except by paying out on appropriations made by Congress. 3.—"Speculation in futures" simply means buying or selling articles before delivery. For instance, if a man thinks wheat will be higher next May he buys what he desires. If wheat goes up, he makes money, of course; if it goes down, he loses.

National Bank Questions.

J. L. E., Bartlett, O.: The government only grants a national bank charter to corporations, and one man cannot, under the law of any state, be a corporation himself. The government requires bonds to be deposited in the treasury to the amount of a national bank's capital stock, and the bank cannot issue its own bills to a greater amount than 90 per cent of the face of these bonds. In closing up the bank's affairs, the bonds are returned to it as fast as it returns its circulating notes to the treasury, and as there are always some of these which get destroyed by fire or accident, hence there is always a profit to the government. The profits of banking lie in loaning money and discounting notes, including of course the loan of its own bills.

Descriptive Letters.

H. B., Minden, Neb.: We find it impossible to publish letters from various parts of the country, describing the climate, soil, etc. The reason is two-fold. First, we have no room; second, we found that this column was being largely used by unscrupulous land agents to publish glowing accounts of very poor land. As there is no way in which we can verify the statements of correspondents, we thought it better to stop publishing all such letters, because any one misled by one of these advertising stalking-horses could blame us. The best advice we can give is to never purchase land without first visiting the locality and getting thoroughly acquainted with its advantages and defects.

The Ohio-Indiana Boundary.

C. A. F., Waterloo, Ind.: The boundary between Ohio and Indiana, as laid down in the United States law when they were marked out, is a line running due north from the mouth of the Great Miami river. It is said that in surveying the line an error was made by which it was deflected to the east, and that if the boundary were laid down according to law, its northern end would become twelve miles west of the present boundary, thus taking a wedge-shaped strip of Indiana territory, twelve miles wide at the north, and tapering to a point at the mouth of the Great Miami river, and adding it to Ohio.

Sunday Observance.

C. E. B., Hopkins, Mo.: The early Christians adopted the practice of meeting for praise and prayer on Sunday, "the Lord's day," so called because it was the day of the week on which He arose from the dead. This practice became universal with the Christian church, and has been followed for 1900 years by all except a few sects. The ground is taken that the fourth commandment directs us to keep holy one day out of seven, and that it is the Sabbath of a day holy, and not the particular day, which is the intent and spirit of the command.

Reciprocity.

A. P. F., North Springfield, Vt., asks if there is any difference between the reciprocity of Pierce and Marcy in 1856-'57, and that of Harrison and Blaine now. There most certainly is. The reciprocity provided for under the new tariff law is for non-competing products—that is, that those products of other countries which we cannot raise are to be admitted freely if those countries will admit those of our products which they cannot raise or produce. The reciprocity of the former period admitted products which we could raise or manufacture. That is free trade reciprocity; the present is protective reciprocity.

Indian Citizens.

C. R. S., Carthon, O.: 1.—We are not certain that there are any Indians in the United States which are voters, but there is no legal obstacle to their becoming so, providing they pay taxes. As the constitution of the United State provides that "Indians not taxed" shall be excluded in the count of the population upon which representation in the House is based, it follows that Indians which are taxed can be counted, and are therefore eligible to citizenship. 2.—Gen. John A. Logan was born in Illinois, of American parents; he had no Indian blood in his veins.

Electric Street Cars.

S. Y. H., Moline, Neb.: In the electrical street car system most used, the electricity is carried the whole length of the line on a wire suspended about 20 feet above the earth, and parallel to the middle of the track. A long arm extending up from the car carries a small wheel whose edge is grooved and pressed against the wire; the electricity passes through the wire down to the car, and is carried on wires to the motor, which is placed underneath the floor. The current then passes through the car wheels to the rails, and into the ground.

The New Tariff.

K. A. S., Rosecaf, Mass.: 1.—The new tariff law went into effect last fall. The statement of your merchant that it caused an advance in the price of pearl buttons is wrong. 2.—The official report of the election regarding the admission of women as lay delegates to the general conference of the M. E. church will not be made until the next general conference. We have no means of giving the figures before that time. 3.—The federal election bill referred only to the election of congressmen and presidential electors.

Miscellaneous.

O. P. F., Vermontville, Mich.: The day begins at midnight.

E. A. D., Marshalltown, Iowa: The French spoliation claims bill is a law.

J. L. B., Pisgah, Ill.: We have no documents on the Chinese question.

W. D. S., Aumsville, Ore.: We cannot publish the song for which you ask.

J. L. R., High Creek, Iowa: Abraham Lincoln was not a member of any church.

W. E. S., Gifford, Ill.: Please refer your question of law to some competent lawyer.

L. H. M., Houlton, Me.: Census enumerators will not be needed nor appointed until the year 1900.

M. E. D., Bryan, O.: The law to prohibit minors entering saloons has not yet passed the Ohio legislature.

A. T. S., Chesterfield, Ill.: Read the "Finance Primer" carefully, and you will find your question answered there.

C. M. B., Beatrice, Neb.: The questions you propose will all be answered in THE BLADE "Finance Primer."

M. H. L., Plainview, Neb.: We think that THE BLADE'S "Finance Primer" contains exactly the information you want.

J. W. F., who inquires why Jeff Davis was never tried, will please send his address, when his query will be answered.

E. R., Metona, Wis.: We have no good rule for the measurement of hay in the mow. If some one will send it, we will publish.

W. H. L., Catalpa, Kan.: Write to your Representative in Congress and ask him for a copy of the timber and pre-emption repeal bill.

J. H. S., Keno, Nev.: During Jackson's presidency the surplus funds in the United States treasury was distributed among the states.

C. O. H., Ann Arbor, Mich.: We are unable to give a definite description of the recently built fortifications on the Bermuda Islands.

J. M. M., Mingo, O., wishes directions for making a genealogical tree. If some one will send the information, we will gladly publish.

O. B. H., Raughts, Pa.: No portrait painter worthy of the name attempts to paint a portrait without having sittings from the subject.

C. H. T., Mount Blanco, O.: You send us twelve questions, every one of which is answered on an average four times a year in the Question Bureau. Some of them have been answered within the past two months.

B. I. H., Dorchester, Mo.: Nothing further has been done with King, the Tennessee Adventist, than was reported in THE BLADE a few weeks ago.

J. J. S., Trinidad, Colo.: We do not receive the rulings of the Interior department. Write to your Representative in Congress for information.

C. R., Reaves, Mich.: The duty on wheat and other agricultural products keeps the wheat, etc., of the Dominion of Canada out of our own markets.

J. A. B., Denver, Colo.: We have not a copy of Gov. Hill's speech in Brooklyn on September 23 last. If you will send it we will answer your question.

H. B., San Miguel, Cal.: We never heard of the "Sleepy Valley" in Oregon. If any one knows of such a place, we would be glad to hear all the facts about it.

H. R. S., Rock Lick, W. Va., and M. J. F., Wayne, C. H., W. Va.: We will publish a list of American coins which bear a premium at some time in the near future.

L. T., Nashville, Iowa.: Both "Marching Through Georgia" and "Red, White and Blue" have been already published in our "Old War Songs." We cannot reprint.

J. W. M., Greenhill, Ala.: We understand that no public lands are left in Florida fit for orange culture. The marked copy of THE BLADE was sent you simply as a courtesy from this office.

C. L., Big Beaver, Mich.: We do not think there ever was such a family as the "Black Darrell" family. Your account of them reads as though you had mistaken some melodramatic romance for solid truth.

T. P., Tess Corners, Wis.: The charges against Senator Quay were made merely for political effect. Even had they been true, there was nothing charged against Mr. Quay for which there is any legal punishment.

Schoolboy, Waterville, Kan.: The states of Rhode Island, Connecticut and New York all border on the Atlantic ocean. Long Island sound is simply a part of that ocean, and Long Island itself is part of New York state.

M. S., Oketo, Kan.: It would take a book as large as a dictionary to give a history of all the leading schools of the world. If you will specify any one religion of which you desire a brief sketch, we will try and accommodate you.

F. C., Missoula, Mont.: No perpetual motion machine that will run has ever been invented. It is impossible, because such a machine would be contrary to the well established law of physics that no force can possibly be created.

W. P. S., Arenzville, Ill.: The new law reducing the fees of pension attorneys does not affect claims filed before its passage, in which a specific fee was mentioned; those in which no fee was mentioned come under its provisions, however.

W. P. R., Oakland, Iowa: The day commences on the "International date line," which is an irregular line north and south through the Pacific Ocean, corresponding pretty nearly to the meridian of 180 degrees west from Greenwich.

C. H. V., Tilton, Iowa.: During the Congressional campaign last summer, THE BLADE devoted much space to exposing the free trade lie that articles of American manufacture are sold cheaper in foreign countries than here. Refer to your files.

W. C., Des Moines, Ia.: We cannot set out to give in the Question Bureau arguments for use in debating society. We endeavor to give what information we can get on all possible subjects, but that does not include the discussion of debatable questions.

O. R., Humboldt, Neb.: It is impossible for us to hunt up the record of every ex-Confederate who will be in the next Congress. It is said that "a great majority" of the southern members served in the rebel army, many of them with distinction.

J. C. M., Gothemburg, Neb.: In every large city of the United States there are high schools wherein as good an education can be obtained as at any of the so-called colleges. The tuition is free to residents of the city, but not to pupils who go there simply to attend school.

J. E. D., Siloam Springs, Ark.: No paper regularly publishes the rulings and decisions of the commissioner of pensions, because the vast majority of them are utterly unimportant. They are published annually in book form, and your member of Congress could probably procure you the issue for 1890.

W. H. F., California, Mich.: 1.—If a man finds valuable ore, whether gold, silver or any other, or coal or petroleum, on his own farm, it belongs to himself alone. 2.—If A finds valuable ore upon B's land, there is no way for A to obtain possession of it but by purchase. 3.—The United States government does not own any gold or silver mines.

J. K. P. C., Hickory Grove, Ky.: We have no idea that S. P. Chase ever made the statement that "the inauguration of the national banking system was the greatest mistake of his life." Why don't you ask the man making the charge to give the proof? If Chase ever made the statement, it should be easy to prove it.

G. P. O., McCutchenville, O.: J. B. Rockafeller, the Standard Oil magnate, first lived in Cleveland, where he has a magnificent residence. The headquarters of the Standard Oil company, being in New York, he probably spends the greater portion of his time there. The Standard Oil company has enormous refining works in Cleveland, and does an immense business there.

C. C. Y., Liberty Center, O.: A resolution which reads that "one day of rest in seven shall be observed by man in all occupations as an American Christian Sunday," ought to be taken to mean that Sunday shall be observed as a day of rest, and its wording would exclude all who observe Saturday. This may not have been the intention of whoever wrote it, but it is certainly what the language means.

D. S. E. M., Billingsville, Mo., encloses a clipping purporting to give the number of murders, executions and lynchings for last year, and asks if they are correct. We do not know. There is no way of getting these figures, except by a careful reading of the newspapers and keeping a record of the cases reported, as there are no government statistics on the subject.

J. D. C., Farmington, Mich.: A Socialist is one who believes in the brotherhood of mankind; he is a sort of half-way Communist. A man cannot be a Communist without being also a Socialist; but he may be a Socialist without being a Communist. An Anarchist is one who believes in the abolition of all laws. "Liberalism" is a very vague term, and may be taken to mean almost anything in the way of Anarchy, Communism or Socialism.

J. H. C., Matney, Tenn.: 1.—To secure a new postoffice, get up a petition to the Postmaster General, signed by as large a number of persons as possible who will use the office, if the new office is established, and state clearly the need thereof. Secure the aid of your Representative in Congress also, and forward the documents to the Postmaster General. 2.—To inquire about government land in Missouri, address the Register of the United States Land Office, at either Boonville, Ironton or Springfield, that state.

J. M. C., Alfred's Store, Ky., and W. H. W. W., Imogen, Iowa, ask why THE BLADE no longer urges a service pension. We would remind them that the next Congress has a Democratic majority, and there is not the slightest possibility that such a bill would be considered, much less passed. In point of fact, public opinion in the cities, and over the entire North is largely against any further general pension legislation, and we do not think it probable that a service pension bill will ever be passed—at least, not for quite a number of years.

J. W. G., Coffeyville, Ohio, asks for the horse and lumber market in the Weekly BLADE, and W. T., Byron, Mich., wants to know why there is "so little change in the price of grain and other products in Toledo" in our market report. It is impossible to give any satisfactory figures on the price of horses, as it is not regulated by the produce exchanges, as it is in the case of grain, wool, cattle, hogs, etc. The same is true of the price of lumber. As to the figures for beans and other produce given in the Weekly BLADE, our friends may depend upon their accuracy.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

A VISION.

They say that the dead ones never leave
Their rest in the cold dark earth
Then how can I see your face to-night,
When sitting 'mid revel and mirth?
They are playing the grand old waltz you loved,
The strain from the Duchess you used to know;
And I feel the spell o'er my being steal,
As the gas flames flicker and blow—
The same old spell that I used to feel
In the days of the long ago.

And now with a dreaming sensuous grace,
The forms of the dancers sway,
And I see your face as you used to smile,
In the days that are passed away.
The waltz from the Duchess rings sweet and clear,
There is your form as it used to be,
The dancers fade from my sight as a dream,
And you are all that I see;
And you and I, together, seem,
All the world that there is, to me.

Now if it be true that the dead leave not
Their graves, nor come to see
The ones they used to love, then what
Is the form that comes to me?
—[Louise Driscoll, in Albany Journal.

—Take good care of your beard and keep it clear of gray hairs so as to retain your young looks by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

FREE 20 DAYS

From date of this paper. Wishing to introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS and make new customers, we have decided to make this special offer. Send us a picture of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you a LIFE SIZE CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and use your influence in securing our future trade. Both pictures and address on back of picture sent, will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish, not interfering with the likeness. Refer to any Bank in Chicago. Address all mail to PACIFIC PORTRAIT HOUSE, 108 & 110 Randolph St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Talmage's Sermon.

TALMAGE TALKS OF CHRIST'S TOMB

The Place Where the Saviour Lay and From Which He Rose—The Significance of Easter.

Dr. Talmage's Easter sermon at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, March 29, was from the text Mattew xxviii, 6: "Come, see the place where the Lord lay." He said:

Visiting any great city we are not satisfied until we have also looked at its cemetery. We examine all the styles of cenotaph, mausolem, sarcophagus, crypt, and sculpture. Here lies buried a statesman, yonder an orator, here a poet, out there an inventor, in some other place a great philanthropist. But with how much greater interest and with more depth of emotion we look upon our family plot in the cemetery. In the one case, it is a matter of public interest; in the other, it is a matter of private and heartfelt affection.

But around the grave at which we halt this morning, there are gathered all kinds of stupendous interests. At this sepulchre, I have to tell you, in this sepulchre there was buried a King, a Conqueror, an Emancipator, a Friend, a Brother, a Christ, Monarch of the universe, but bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and sorrow of our sorrow, and heart of our heart. "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

It has for surroundings, the manor in the suburbs of Jerusalem, a manor owned by a wealthy gentleman by the name of Joseph. He was one of the court of seventy who had condemned Christ, but I think he had voted in the negative, or being a timid man, had been absent at the time of the casting of the vote. He had laid out the parterre at great expense. It was a hot climate and I suppose there were broad avenues and trees and winding paths underneath them, while here the waters rippled over the rock in a fishpool, and yonder the vines and the flowers clambered over the wall, and all around there were the beauties of kiosk and arboriculture.

I walk a little farther on in the parterre, and come across a cluster of rocks, and I see on them the marks of the sculptor's chisel. I come still closer, and I walk down the marble stairs, and come to a portico over the doorway—an architecture of fruits and flowers chiseled by the hand of the sculptor. I go into the portico, and on either side there are rooms, two, or four, or six rooms of rock; in the walls niches, each niche large enough to hold a dead body. One of these rooms of rock is especially wealthy with sculpture. It was a beautiful and charming spot. Why all this? The fact was that Joseph, the owner of the parterre, of that wealthy manor, had recognized the fact that he could not always walk those gardens, and he sought this as his own last resting place. What a beautiful place in which to wait for the resurrection!

Mark well the mausoleum in the rock. It is to be the most celebrated tomb in all the ages. Catacombs of Egypt, tomb of Napoleon, Mahal Taj of India, nothing compared with it. Christ had just been murdered and his body must be thrown out to the dogs and the ravens, as was customary with crucified bodies, unless there be prompt and effective hindrance. Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum, begs for the body of Christ, and he takes and washes the poor and mutilated frams from the blood and the dust, and shrouds it and perfumes it.

The funeral advances. Present, Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum; Nicodemus, who brought the flowers, and the two Marys. Heavy burden on the shoulders of two men as they carry the body of Christ down the marble stairs and into the portico, and lift the dead weight to the level of the niche in the rock, and push the body of Christ into the only pleasant place it ever had. Then men coming forth close the door of rock against the recess. The government, afraid that the disciples would steal the body of Christ and play resurrection, put upon the door the seal of the Sanhedrin; the violation of that seal, like the violation of the seal of the United States government, or of the British government, always followed with severe penalties.

Four people only at the burial of the King of the universe. Let this be consolatory to those who through small means, or lack of large acquaintance, have but little demonstration of grief at the grave of their dead. It is not necessary. Long line of glittering equipages, two rows of silver handles, casket of costly wood, pall-bearers scarfed and gloved are not necessary. Christ looks out from heaven at a burial where there are six present, and remembers there are two more than he had at his obsequies. Not recognizing this idea how many small properties are scattered in the funeral rites, and widowhood and orphanage go out into the cold charity of the world. The departed left enough property to have kept the family together until they could take care of themselves, but it is all absorbed in the funeral rites. That went for crepe which ought to have gone for bread. A man of small means can hardly afford to die in one of our great cities! Funeral pageantry is not necessary. No one was ever more lovingly and tenderly put into the grave than Christ, but there were only four in the procession.

Again, standing in this place where the Lord lay, I am impressed with the fact that you cannot keep the dead down. The seal of the Sanhedrim, a regiment of soldiers from the tower or Antonia to stand guard, floor of rock, roof of rock, wall of rock, niche of rock, cannot keep Christ in the crypt. Come out and come he must. Came out and came up he did. Prefiguration. The first fruits of them that sleep. Just as certainly as you and I go down into the grave, just so certainly we will come up again. Though you pile up on the top of us all the boulders of the mountains, you can not keep us down. Though we be buried under the coral of the deepest cavern of the Atlantic ocean, we will rise to the surface. Ah! my friends, death and the grave are not what they used to be to us, for now, walking around the spot where the Lord lay, we find vines and flowers covering up the tomb, and that which we called a place of skulls has become a beautiful garden. Yea, now there are four gardens instead of one: Garden of Eden, Garden of the World's Sepulcher, Garden of Earth's Regeneration, Garden of Heaven.

Various scriptural accounts say that the work of grave-breaking will begin with the blast of trumpets and shoutings; whence I infer that the first ultimation of the day will be a sound from heaven such as has never before been heard. It may not be so loud, but it will be penetrating. There are mausoleums so deep that undisturbed silence has slept there ever since the day when the sleepers were left in them. The great noise shall strike through them. Among the corals of the sea, miles deep, where the shipwrecked rest, the sound will strike. No one will mistake it for thunder, or the blast of earthly minstrelsy.

There will be heard the voice of the uncounted millions of the dead, who came rushing out of the gates of eternity, flying toward the tomb, crying, "Make way! Oh, grave, give us back our body! We gave it to you in corruption; surrender it now in incorruption." Thousands of spirits arising from the field of Sedan, and from among the rocks of Gettysburg, and from among the passes of South Mountain. A hundred thousand are crowding Greenwood. On this grave three spirits meet, for there were three bodies in that tomb! over that family vault twenty spirits hover, for there were twenty bodies. From New York to Liverpool, at every few miles on the sea route, a group of hundreds of spirits coming down to the water to meet their bodies.

Crash! go the pyramids, and the monarchs of Egypt rise out of the heart of the desert. Snap! go the iron gates of the modern vaults. The country graveyard will look like a rough plowed field as the mounds break open. All the kings of the earth; all the senators; all the great men; all the beggars; all the armies—victors and vanquished; all the ages—barbaric and civilized; all those who were chopped by guillotine, or simmered in the fire, or rotted in dungeons; all the infants of a day; all the octogenarians—all! all! All one strangler left behind. All! all!

And now the air is darkened with the fragments of bodies that are coming together from the opposite corners of the earth. Lost limbs finding their mate—bone to bone, sinew to sinew—until every joint is reconstructed, and every arm finds its socket, and the amputated limb of the surgeon's table shall be set again at the point from which it was severed. A surgeon told me that after the battle of Bull Run he amputated limbs, throwing them out of the window, until the pile reached up to the window sill. All those fragments will have to take their places. Those who were born blind shall have new eyes divinely kindled; those who were lame shall have a limb substituted. In all the hosts of the resurrected not one eye missing; not one foot clogged; not one arm palsied; not one tongue dumb; not one ear deaf.

Wake up, my friends, this day, this glorious Easter morning, with all these congratulations. If I understand this day, it means peace toward Heaven and peace toward earth, great wealth of flowers! Bring more flowers. Wreath them around the brazen throat of the cannon, plant them in the desert until it shall blossom like the rose, braid them into the name of the war charger as he comes back. No more red dahlias of human blood. Give us white lilies of peace. Strew all the earth with Easter garlands, for the resurrection we celebrate this morning implies all kinds of resurrection.

Resurrection from death and sin to the life of the Gospel. Resurrection of apostolic faith. Resurrection of commercial integrity. Resurrection of national honor. Resurrection of international good will. Resurrection of everything that is good and kind and just and generous and holy and beautiful. Nothing to stay down, to stay buried, but sin and darkness and pain and disease and revenge and death. Let those tarry in the grave forever. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

Christ, the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise your songs and triumphs high,
Sing, ye Heavens, and earth reply,
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more!

Progress.

It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy be pleasing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessing these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one perfect laxative and most gentle diuretic known.

A Dazzler for Jerusalem.

A decided sensation has been caused in Jerusalem by the introduction of electric light into a new and flourishing flour mill lately started there. The building in which the light has been introduced is near to the supposed site of Calvary and close to the Damascus gate. It need hardly be said that the Arabs and Jews are much puzzled to account for a light in a lamp in which there is no oil, and up to the present time, while gazing with wonder, have been keeping at a respectful distance.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

Getting It Exact.

Bagley—You don't happen to have a pint measure around here, do you?

Brace—Yes; fill up one of those quart wine bottles.—[N. Y. Sun.

IF YOU KNEW

how easy it was to rid yourself of face pimples and blotches, you would take a few bottles S. S. S. and remove them.

HER FACE HER FORTUNE.

"I was annoyed for a year with pimples and blotches on the face. I consulted prominent physians and used different kinds of advertised medicines without any benefit. Finally I tried Swift's Specific, and the smoothness of my skin was completely restored by the use of a few bottles."

CHARLOTTE RANDOW,
Thalia Theater, New York City.

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THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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S. H. MOORE & CO., 37 Park Place, New York.

For THE BLADE.

TWO LITTLE HANDS.

BY L. E. K.

FIRST YEAR.

Two little hands, one day in the fall,
Wee hands, curled up in a velvetly ball,
Fell into mine, while on my arm,
Nestled a soft little bundle warm.
I tenderly stroked the dear baby-head,
While over my heart the mother-love spread,
And life grew sweet from the rays that it shed,
Dear little baby-hands.

SECOND YEAR.

Two little hands growing stronger each day,
Oft to help mamma they come from their play,
And off, as I hold the soft flowers in mine,
I look at them sadly, and wish for some sign
Of what the cold world has in store for my boy,
Will these little hands some good work employ?
And will he in manhood, cause us sorrow or joy?
Dear little baby-hands.

THIRD YEAR.

Two little hands growing fraller each day,
And, though I held them so close by the way,
They fell from my grasp one sad, dreary night,
And lay like a snowflake, so cold and so white.
Two little hands up in Heaven I see,
Beck'ning to me, and beck'ning to me!
When we go home, ours forever they'll be
Dear little angel-hands.

KNIGHTS OF RECIPROCITY.

A Republican Order That is Meeting With Popular Favor.

Ex-Department Commander Travis, of the Grand Army of the Republic, is interested in the new political order, Knights of Reciprocity. It had its beginning in Kansas, not many months ago, and has progressed so rapidly that it is giving the farmer organizations in that state and elsewhere all they can do to keep up with it. "The order," said Mr. Travis, in talking with an Indianapolis *Journal* reporter, "is distinctively Republican. It is committed to the interests of that party, but is in no manner a machine for nominating personal favorites. Its sole aim is to advance the principles of the party, and elect the candidates advocating them. I have been looking over the ground, and find a ready answer to my inquiries as to the advisability of having the order placed on a firm footing in this state. It appeals particularly to old soldiers, from whom a great army of Republican workers for 1892 can be recruited. Once instituted, the knights will be found in every village of Indiana, for there is no reason to think its success will be less here than in other states. I have been talking with leading Republicans here concerning the matter, and

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1891.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 111,000.

A FINANCE PRIMER.

15.—Gold Replacing Silver in France.

From 1803, the legal ratio in France has been one of gold to 15½ of silver. During all the period from 1803 up to the great discoveries of gold in the '50s, the French legal ratio gave gold a lower coinage value than its real bullion value. The natural result was that gold left the country and silver took its place. By about 1850, the great bulk of France's circulating medium was silver. The enormous amount of gold from the discoveries in California and Australia had the effect of reversing the situation. Its value in relation to silver changed so that the ratio fell below 15½, and remained so until 1867.

An ounce of gold was exchangeable for 15½ ounces of siver in coin, while its bullion value was lower; consequently a stream of gold steadly flowed into the French mint for coinage. Silver disappeared largely from circulation, and much of it left the country. It is estimated by Processor LAUGHLIN that about 345 million dollars in silver had left that country from 1850 to 1864.

Probably the greater portion of this was absorbed by India, for from 1852 to 1875, at least one billion dollars in silver had been shipped from England and the European sea ports on the Mediterranean to that country. India during this period served as a vast reservoir to absorb the silver which was disappearing from circulation in civilized nations because of the enormous influx of gold, consequent upon the discoveries of the Californian and Australian mines.

16.—"Council bills" of Exchange on India.

About 1867 a diminution in the amount of silver sent to India set in, owing to the use bills of exchange on India, drawn in London, and called "Council bills" because they were sold by the India Council, which is that department of the British government having charge of the affairs of the Indian empire. As the facts regarding this exchange seem not generally known in the United States, we may be pardoned for entering into a detailed explanation of the matter.

The various government departments in India were required by the British government to raise the funds to meet the interest on the India debt for railways, loans on bonds for the extensive public works which had been built in the previous ten or fifteen years, and other items of the Indian debt, which interest amounted to about $75,000,000 a year. This sum was due annually from India to the India council in London. That council adopted the commercial expedient of selling their claims on this money in the London market, in the shape of bills of exchange drawn on Calcutta or Bombay.

The revenues in India are, of course, collected entirely in silver. These bills of exchange, therefore, were payable in silver in Calcutta or Bombay. Hence English merchants, in paying for goods imported from India, found it infinitely more convenient to purchase these bills of exchange and send them to pay their debts, than to send the money. It is apparent, therefore, that as the debt of the government increased, so did the interest on that debt increase, and of course so did the total amount of these council bills offered for sale in the London market. It follows, also, that the exportation of silver to India was decreased by just the annual amount of these council bills.

The debt, and consequently the interest, and the amount of Council bills, rapidly increased. The total amount issued from 1808 to 1871, inclusive, was $147,500,000; from 1872 to 1875, inclusive, $252,500,000.

Another point of great interest in this connection is that the rupee currency of India (silver) is based on the ratio of one of gold to 15½ of silver, and its purchasing value equals that ratio among the natives. Hence, ever since the decline in silver, there has been a decided profit to the English merchant in settling his bills for articles purchased in India, from buying Council bills wherewith to liquidate his indebtedness. This has increased enormously the amount of wheat and other India products brought into European markets, and has in that way decreased the demand for American wheat in Europe, and our own Western farmers have been thus curiously been made the losers, because of the fact that silver has not yet depreciated in India.

Consequently we find, in examining the bullion price of silver as related to gold, that a decline set in in 1867, at the time the sale of Council bills was begun, which, though not marked for about five years, showed a progressively downward tendency. This was the beginning of the great decline in silver, whose causes, however, most certainly must be found in the enormous addition made to the world's supply of gold after the year 1850.

17.—Germany's Demonetization of Silver.

As was seen above, the operation of natural laws had been for years been displacing France's silver with gold. The United States, as before related, in 1873, established the gold dollar as the unit of our currency and made silver only subsidiary—though the real demonetization of silver goes back to the coinage act of 1853. Germany followed in the movement with the United States, France and and England—which last had been for years a gold standard country. Germany was shrewd enough to seize the opportunity to get her share of gold, and not let her commercial rivals monopolize it.

It is estimated that, of the enormous amount of gold thrown on the markets of the world after 1850, at that time a billion and a half dollars had not yet been placed. It was awaiting the opportunity to be coined or to be otherwise used. With her three great rivals in commerce steadily absorbing this gold and adding it to their coinage, Germany had the sagacity to take part in the movement, in order that in the future she might not be at a disadvantage.

At the close of the Franco-Prussian war, the new German empire established a plan for uniform coinage throughout Germany, and the bullion basis of the new issue was the enormous war indemnity paid her by France. This gave the government a large stock of gold and she steadily began the work of putting it into circulation. Before 1870, the German currency was substantially all silver and paper; not more than four per cent of it was in gold. The first law was the act of December 4, 1871, for the coinage of gold 10 and 20 mark pieces, which also established free gold coinage.

This followed by the act of July 9, 1873, which made the gold mark the monetary unit; this law also provided that the amount of silver coin in Germany should not exceed 10 marks per capita. As the value of the mark is but 23 8-10 cents, this gave a per capita silver circulation of $2.38. Silver was made a legal tender only to the amount of 20 marks. This law brought Germany into full accord with Great Britain and the United States. Under it, she withdrew all her old silver coinage, replaced it with the new up to the limit allowed, and sold as bullion that which was not recoined.

From 1873 to 1879, when the sales of silver were stopped, Germany thus disposed of almost $142,000,000 worth of silver bullion. Her demonetization of silver and the selling of her surplus, was the second factor in the steady decline of that metal. Following the lead of Germany, Norway, Sweden and Denmark adopted the gold standard and abandoned silver, except for subsidiary coinage.

THE FIGHT AGAINST THE RUM POWER IN NEW YORK.

A week ago we gave the situation regarding the proposed Prohibitory amendment to the constitution of the state of New York. Since that time the Democratic majority in the Assembly—which is the lower house of the legislature, corresponding to the house of representatives in other states—refused to concur in the passage of the bill which had already passed the Republican senate, providing for taking the vote on the amendment on the second Tuesday in April. By this refusal the Democrats of the Assembly have practically killed the amendment. The Democrats in the senate have just as discreditable record on the same bill; for when it was put for final passage, they voted solidly against it, and it passed that body by the votes of the Republican members entirely.

People who live far away from great cities have no conception of the tremendous difficulties found in the enforcement of any Prohibitory legislation in them. Residents of cities do, because they are familiar with the heavy foreign element which naturally gravitates there, and which is intensely opposed to Prohibition. These foreigners have been accustomed all their lives to the use of beer and wine, and sometimes of spirits, as a regular drink. In some European countries, beer and wine are as regularly taken at meals as are tea and coffee with us. To people thus reared, Prohibition seems a monstrous folly, a useless and exacting interference with personal habits. These foreign-born citizens are absolutely sincere in their views on this subject.

Then there is also, in every city, another very large class of people who fight every effort to destroy the Rum traffic, because they like to drink, they wish to drink, and they will drink either legally or illegally. Then there is also an enormous number who are directly interested in the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. Mass these three classes of the population together—the foreign element, with their European training and modes of thought on drink; the class already the slaves of the habit; and those to whom the manufacture and sale is an occupation—and you have a very large total, in many cities numerically greater than all the temperance men put together.

The cities of New York and Brooklyn alone contain nearly two million and a half of people. In New York state there are sixteen other cities of over 20,000 inhabitants, and a large number between ten and twenty thousand in population. There is probably not one of these cities in which, on a square vote of the people, a majority would not be found against Prohibition; and it follows, that were the amendment adopted, there would be most strenuous opposition in all of them to its enforcement. Whether this could be successfully accomplished is a question on which we can express no opinion. We doubt, however, if any possible law could be enacted that would enforce the amendment in the cities of New York and Brooklyn.

The rural population of the state is very largely in favor of Prohibition, and if it were put to a vote, the amendment would probably carry in the entire state. We think it certain that, at an election held only on this question, and upon a date different from a regular one, the amendment would pass. If the vote is taken at the close of a heated political campaign, at the same time as the regular election, we think its chances extremely doubtful. The Democrats of the assembly apparently share this view; for they have declared their willingness to submit the question at the state election next November, feeling confident that the measure will not pass if the vote is taken at that time.

But why cannot it pass then if it could pass at a special election? Simply because it would afford a basis for trading which would be largely availed of. The intense excitement of the regular campaign would render it impossible to the mass of voters of the state to consider fairly, candidly and dispassionately the arguments in favor of Prohibition. The money which the Rum Power would pour into the campaign like water would be made to do double duty—to elect the candidates whom it favors, and to defeat the amendment. This would be done by means of a bargain, the candidate so helped in his canvass using his party friends against the amendment.

The temperance reform agitation in the state of New York has been energetically pushed for a number of years. There is, of course, the lamentable difference of opinion as to the best method of meeting the saloon evil among the friends of temperance. The temperance men of the cities realize the magnitude of the task of enforcing Prohibition in them, and therefore very largely favor high license. Those in the country are just as earnest for Prohibition. This division of sentiment prevails in both parties—for there is a strong temperance element among the Democrats of New York as well as among the Republicans.

The Republican party of the state of New York, has acted fairly and squarely upon this matter of Prohibition. It has consistently regarded it as a question upon which men might sincerely differ. In 1882, the Republican state convention adopted a plank upon the temperance question, which declared that "while there are varying opinions on the sale of liquor we subscribe to the principle that propositions on that subject, like all other propositions for change in the fundamental law, ought to be submitted to a popular vote."

The state convention of the following year adopted a resolution declaring a belief that the people should decide at the polls all questions pertaining to the public welfare, and that the Republican party of the state of New York "is in favor of acceding to the desires of a large body of our citizens, to submit to the voters of the state, a constitutional amendment in regard to the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors." As a result of this attitude and a steady agitation of the question, the Republican legislature, in 1889, adopted a joint resolution to provide for submitting a Prohibitory amendment to the vote of the people. The state convention of that year endorsed this action of the legislature. The constitution of the state of New York requires that all resolutions for its amendment shall be passed by two successive legislatures, and then be submitted to the popular vote. The Republican legislature of 1890 passed the joint resolution adopted by that body in 1889; it then became the duty of this year's legislature to submit it to the vote of the people.

The Republican Senate, true to its party pledges, passed a bill to submit the amendment at a special election in April. The Democratic assembly, true to that party's obediance to the will of the Rum Power, defeated this, but now proposes that the vote shall be taken at the November election, thus insuring its defeat. The history of this proposed amendment brings out squarely the attitude of the two parties in that state toward the Rum Power. The Republicans believe that the people of the state have a right to decide the question; and so far as they have been able, they have perfected legislation for submitting the amendment to the popular vote. The Democrats, truckling to the Rum Power, have opposed this legislation at every step, and are now using their majority in the lower branch to defeat the amendment. The people of New York will certainly know which party to trust hereafter in any effort they may make through legislation to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

TO BOYS WHO WISH TO MAKE POCKET MONEY.

A considerable demand has sprung up in many quarters for copies of the Weekly BLADE, to be sold on the streets in towns and cities. This demand is increasing, and we refer to it here because we think many boys and young men—boys in school, for instance—can make some spending-money by selling the Weekly BLADE in the town or city in which they may live.

If you wish to try it, write us a letter asking for terms and instructions for selling the Weekly BLADE on the streets Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE ENGLISH CENSUS.

On April 5, the next census of England and Wales will be taken. The first enumeration of the people of the United States took place in 1790, but the first in England was not taken until eleven years later—a curious testimony to the intense conservatism of the English people. The first proposition for a census of England was made in 1753, but was met with the fiercest opposition; and it took fifty years before the necessary legislation was perfected. The first English census was that of March 20, 1801, and it has been taken every ten years since that time.

The English method of taking a census differs radically from ours. But little information is gathered save the number of people, age, sex and a few similar particulars. The work is done by means of schedules. A printed blank is left at every house, and this will be done during next week, ending April 4. These schedules will all be collected on Monday, April 6, and they must be filled out with the required information "as to every living person who abode in every house on the night of the census day," which is Sunday, April 5. The following are the population figures of the 1891 census of the United Kingdom:

	Population.
England	24,613,923
Wales	1,390,513
Scotland	3,735,573
Ireland	5,174,482
Isle of Man	53,558
Channel Islands	87,702
Army, navy and merchant seamen	215,374
Total	35,241,482

RUSSIA AND FRANCE JOIN.

It develops that there is an understanding at least, and very probably a secret treaty, offensive and defensive, between France and Russia. The object of the hostility of both is the triple alliance, composed of Germany, Austria and Italy. Russia and France together are a very fair match for these three countries in population and in military power. In case of war, with France on one side and Russia on the other of the three nations, a struggle might be looked for that would convulse the civilized world, and completely change the political map of Europe.

Russia would attack Germany and Austria, France would act on the defensive on her German frontier, perhaps invading Alsace and Lorraine, however, but her main military strength would be displayed in the Mediterranean against Italy, and the war would likely develop tremendous fighting between those two powers. The efforts of France to dominate the Mediterranean would very likely involve England, because such a result would mean danger to the Suez canal and England's pretensions in Egypt; and there probably is no country in Europe that could long remain neutral. We should see such a war as has never been in modern times, a long, bitter and immensely costly struggle, whose outcome would be more than doubtful. Probably Europe is doomed to suffer at least one such a war. After that experience, if her people are not fools, she will overthrow her monarchies and let the people rule.

THE cigar manufacturers of Havana are making energetic appeals to the Spanish government for aid, as their exportations to this country are decreasing very rapidly. The home government has promised to do all in its power. The reciprocity clause of the new tariff law opens the way. Let Spain take off the prohibitory tariff on American flour, grain, meats and other food products which Cuba needs, and our government will respond liberally in the direction of the admission of Cuban sugars and tobacco.

MR. PHELPS, formerly United States minister to Great Britain, has an article on the Bering Sea controversy in the April number of *Harper's Magazine*, in which he puts our case very strongly, as witness the following:

This colony of seals making their home on American soil, and unable to exist without a home upon some soil, belong to the proprietors of the soil, and are a part of their property, and do not lose this quality by passing from one part of the territory to another, in a regular and periodical migration necessary to their life, even though in making it they pass temporarily through water that is more than three miles from land.

HON. DAVID BOTHOFFICES HILL, who has one foot on the governor's footstool at Albany and the other in the United States Senate, and who draws both salaries at the same time, is also a candidate for the Presidential nomination next year. In case he were successful and were elected, are we to understand that he would retain his Senatorship until the meeting of Congress in December, 1892, and draw the salary of both that and his Presidential office?

A POLITICAL truce is announced between MAHONE and LANGSTON in Virginia. If this proves to be a *fait accompli*, Virginia will take her place in the Republican column in 1892.

A SWEET SUBJECT.

The Democratic governor of Texas, whose name is HOGG, has made a bid for notoriety in a veto message to the legislature. The state of Texas owns a sugar plantation, which it works with convict labor. As the new tariff law gives a bounty of two cents a pound on all sugar produced in this country, the Texas legislature passed a bill authorizing the state to accept the bounty on the sugar produced on its convict-labor plantation.

Governor HOGG vetoed the bill, on the purely imaginary ground that it involved a "meddling" by the general government with the state's exclusive affairs, and that such alleged "meddling" is dangerous to the state's autonomy; and then he went on to remark that bounties are necessarily corrupting, and that the state cannot honestly accept the money, because "bounty giving consists of the government collecting money, to the impoverishment of the masses, by which to gratify the greed of favored classes."

All of which goes to prove to any intelligent man that Gov. HOGG is either a stupid ass, or a blatant demagogue, or a mixture of the two. He has not the remotest conception of the effect of the sugar bounty. To his bigoted mind, it is but a sop to the Southern sugar-planters; and we fear there are a great many people outside of Texas take the same hasty and incomplete view of it.

The *raison d'etre* for any protective duty is that it shall promote the growth or manufacture of the article at home, so that our supply may not depend on other countries. The duty on sugar did not accomplish this, for the reason that there is a very small portion of the United States, which, in soil and climate, is fitted to produce cane sugar. At duties ranging from 1 and 2-5 to 2¾ cents a pound, the duties paid aggregated over $50,000,000 a year. The amount of home-grown sugar has not increased, for the climatic reason given above. Hence the sugar duty was not protective—it was simply a revenue duty.

The new tariff law, therefore, made raw sugars free of duty on and after April 1 of this year; but to avoid the ruin of the Southern sugar planters, and to encourage the experiments in beet and sorghum sugar-making, a bounty averaging two cents a pound was placed on American-grown sugar. And we say to the narrow-minded Texas governor and others of his own limited range of vision, that it will eventuate in the development of a beet-sugar industry in the United States that will supply all our needs, and more.

The beet root sugar industry is on a firm basis. Europe has been making it for about a century. The process is thoroughly understood, and trained men can be secured from Europe to manage factories. The element of uncertainty is, which variety will produce the greatest per cent of sugar per ton of beets, grown on our soil. This can only be told by experiments on a large scale, conducted by the farmers themselves.

The larger a factory is, the cheaper per ton can it produce sugar. But the factories must be in the region where the beets are raised, as the freight for long distances would be too costly. There are several factories now in successful operation, notably the one at Grand Island, Nebraska; and the bounty under the new law will promote the erection of others very speedily. To illustrate the method of working, we will give an example, summarized from WILLETT & GRAY'S *Weekly Statistical Position of Sugar*.

A beet sugar factory is building at Chino, San Bernardino county, California. Enough farmers in that vicinity agreed to raise crops large enough to supply it with beets, and it will begin operations next fall, as soon as the beets are grown. A written contract is entered into between the factory and each farmer, the latter agreeing to plant a certain number of acres (the seed furnished by the factory at cost), to cultivate, harvest, and deliver the crop at the factory, the roots clean, the tops cut off close to the beet. The factory agrees to pay $3.50 per ton for beets that will average 12 per cent of their weight in sugar, of a purity coefficient of 80; and 25 cents additional per ton for each additional 1 per cent of sugar above 12. The factory has the right to reject diseased beets, very large ones, of those which grow largely above ground, and those which will not average 12 per cent of sugar, or whose coefficient of purity is less than 80.

Any intelligent man, who will give the subject thought, will see that the bounty will induce men to go into the business of raising the beets, or to invest money in factories, which they would be indisposed to do without it. We buy annually $16,000,000 worth of beet sugar from Germany alone. It can not be distinguished, when refined, from other sugars. It will make a profitable crop for our farmers, for they and the men employed in the factories will be paid the millions of dollars we now pay other countries for the sugar we need.

A NEW cotton factory has been built at Raleigh, North Carolina, and more are to follow. The stockholders are Democrats, but they frankly acknowledge that they waited before building until satisfied that a Republican President had been elected. If the South would get over its chronic scare about "nigger supremacy," and let the dead past bury its dead, including "the wah" and all pertaining thereto, it would become the wealthiest and most prosperous portion of the United States.

IT is very difficult to find in the Democratic party a man who is honest and frank enough to say, as did Senator COCKRELL, of Missouri, that "there are not many places where a reduction in the annual appropriations can be made." Amid the tirade of abuse from bigoted Democratic speakers and writers, against the appropriations of the Fifty-first Congress, this utterance of the senator shines like a jewel in a pig's snout.

THE sugar bounty clause of the new tariff bill bids fair to turn Florida into a sugar producing state. The planters in the vicinity of Kissimmee are preparing to erect a mill and plant sugar. A wealthy company of Pennsylvanians has begun work on a vast tract of swamp lands in the Everglades, which will be drained and turned into a sugar plantation. The protective policy demonstrates its wisdom in such enterprises as this.

THE New York *Commercial Bulletin* is a strictly business periodical, and one of the leading ones in the country. It has carefully examined the Democratic charge that there will be a deficit in the national treasury next July, basing its calculations upon the present treasury condition, and the prospective receipts and expenditures of the government. It finds that there is no fear of a deficit, and thus exposes another wilful Bourbon lie.

ON April 6 occurs the silver anniversary of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the occasion promises to be suitably celebrated by comrades all over the Union, as well as by the monster celebration at Decatur, Ill., where the order was organized 25 years ago.

THE "CHILTERN HUNDREDS."

We have received this mornipg by postal card an inquiry as to the meaning of the phrase used in the dispatches from London, in which the statement is made that Mr. PARNELL accepted the "Chiltern Hundreds," and will stand for re-election to Parliament in the Cork district. The writer wants to know what the "Chiltern Hundreds" are. The word "hundred" is used in England to designate a division or part of a county supposed to have originally contained 100 families. There are three of these divisions called the "Chiltern Hundreds," because they are located in the region of the Chiltern hills; their names are Stoke, Desborough and Burnham. The Chiltern hills lie between Bedford and Hertford. A long time ago they were covered with a thick beech forest, and were a favorite shelter for robbers. So a steward was appointed by the king to put down these marauders. The necessity for such an officer has long since ceased, for the beech forests have been cut down and the country is absolutely peaceful, but the office still remains.

A member of Parliament does not directly resign his seat in that body, but he cannot hold his seat in Parliament and an office under the Crown. Accepting such an office of necessity vacates his seat. Hence the custom arose, when a member from any cause desired to leave Parliament, that he applied to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds. This being granted, his seat in Parliament at once becomes vacant. Immediately after he has effected his object, he resigns his office as steward. So Mr. PARNELL gets out of Parliament by this means, and immediately stands for re-election.

RECIPROCITY.

As a matter of interest, we present a synopsis of the facts regarding the progress of reciprocity under the new tariff law up to date:

Brazil accepts the reciprocity treaty and is glad to get it, all free trade stories to the contrary notwithstanding.

Negotiations are in progress with the Spanish government for reciprocity both with that country and with her West India possessions, including Cuba. Spain, however, desires a modification of our duties on Havana cigars and tobacco, and appears to be willing to make large concessions in order to obtain this. As these articles, however, are not among those specified in the reciprocity clause of the new tariff law, a regular treaty will have to be negotiated, in case her wishes are carried out.

Venezuela is discussing the reciprocity question, and the indications are that she will accept its provisions.

A most significant pointer as to the wishes of our Southern neighbors for closer trade relations with us is found in the significant reply of British Guiana to an offer of reciprocity made by Canada. This answer is, that while Guiana will accept thankfully improved steamship communication with Canada, she prefers reciprocity with the United States to the same arrangement with the Dominion. Canada offered $88,000 per year subsidy to a steamship line with this one colony in South America. The latter so strongly desire reciprocity with us that she will not accept it from the Dominion, even after the subsidy bait, if it prevents her completing one with us.

WE WANT AGENTS!

THE BLADE pays the largest commissions to agents, and offers the largest inducements for clubs, of any paper in the United States, or in the world, for that matter. Any one wanting to make money should investigate our offers. *Everybody* should write for terms to agents at once! Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE death of Rev. Dr. HOWARD CROSBY, the well-known pastor of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian church of New York city, removes one of the best known of American divines, and one of the most advanced thinkers of the Presbyterian church of to-day in the United States. Dr. CROSBY is best known in the West because of his moderate views on the question of Prohibition—for, reared in New York city as he was, he could not but appreciate the magnitude of the task which Prohibition in that city would have to accomplish to be victorious, with all the chances against success. In his own denomination, and especially in the East, he was far more noted for his eminently useful labors in the endeavor to suppress concert saloons, low theatres and other dens of vice in the metropolis, and for his efforts to bring into closer harmony the different branches of Christianity. His death is a distinct loss to the cause of Christianity and progress in America.

WE Americans flatter ourselves we have pretty warm political campaigns, but on reading the accounts of the political canvass going on in North Sligo, Ireland, we are compelled to admit that our own are not a "marker" to it. All day yesterday, the two rival parties had out bands of music and were carrying on the campaign in utter indifference to its being Sunday. To add picturesqueness to the matter, the Catholic bishop of the diocese and the priests of the entire district denounced PARNELL in their Easter morning sermons. Later in the day, there was a regular pitched battle at Templeboy, the weapons blackthorns and stones, the victorious Parnellites driving off their adversaries, led by DAVITT, until they were finally chased and clubbed by the police in turn.

IT now seems quite probable that the family affair of Gen. GRANT'S widow will soon be aired in the courts, and the case will doubtless show that Mrs. GRANT has been badly duped. According to her story she gave one W. C. ANDREWS $55,000 to invest in the New York Steam company, Mrs. GRANT understanding that the directors of the Standard Oil company were interested in the new organization. As no dividends were received, Mrs. GRANT wrote to the president of the Standard, asking that her steam stock be exchanged for oil stock. This Mr. ROCKEFELLER says he is unable to do, as the two companies have nothing in common. Meantime Mrs. GRANT is out $55,000.

THE Democratic party made the last national campaign on an alleged surplus in the treasury. It now seems probable that it will try to make next year's campaign on an alleged deficit. It had no real remedy for a surplus, and most certainly has none to offer for a deficiency, even if one existed, which it does not. Isn't it about time for the Bourbons to take up some real issue, or to present some workable plan of statesmanship, instead of making a quadrennial appeal to the ignorance of the people?

WASHINGTON women are very successful diplomats as a general thing, but one of them was overreached the other day. She invited, among others, FRANK STOCKTON to dinner and had the ices served in the form of a lady and a tiger. "Now, which?" she coolly asked when they came on. "Both, if you please," he replied; and the problem is still unsolved.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND TROUBLES.

As every schoolboy knows, there are three islands—Miquelon, St. Pierre and Langley—off the southern coast of Newfoundland, which belong to France. That country has also enjoyed certain fishing privileges on the adjacent Newfoundland coast, called the "French hore." That treaty has expired, and negotiations have been on foot for a long time looking to a new treaty; but it seems as difficult a matter to settle as the fishing troubles between ourselves and the Dominion of Canada. So a *modus vivendi* was agreed upon between the British and French governments, pending the settlement of the matter. A *modus vivendi*—literally, "method of living"—is a temporary agreement to avoid difficulties between the people of two countries pending the settlement of questions in dispute between them by a regular treaty.

This *modus vivendi* allows to the French the exclusive right to maintain lobster factories on the "French shore," pending the arbitration of the whole Newfoundland fisheries question, at issue between France and Great Britain. This provision is intensely distasteful to the Newfoundland people. British naval vessels were sent to the scene to enforce it, and the commander of one of these forcibly closed the lobster factories of a Newfoundlander. The latter brought suit in a local court against the officer for trespass. It was shown at the trial that he acted in obedience to his orders from London; but the court, reflecting the intense feeling of the people, decided that neither the instructions of the British government nor the *modus vivendi* was a valid defence, and awarded $8,000 damages.

In spite of the intense opposition by the Newfoundlanders to the *modus vivendi*, the British government has just come to an agreement with France to arbitrate the lobster fishery question, and has renewed the *modus vivendi* for another year, pending the arbitration; and has also introduced in Parliament a bill which revives the Crown's authority to instruct naval officers to enforce the treaties of Utrecht, Versailles and Paris, securing fishing rights to the French. It is provided that if the Colonial government of Newfoundland will supply the necessary powers to secure the performance of the treaties upon the international arrangement before the bill is passed, the bill will be suspended. The alternative offered the Newfoundlanders, therefore, is either to police the French shore themselves for the purpose of enforcing the obnoxious French claims, or to have that work done by British naval officers, armed with direct and absolute authority from the home government, and not amenable in any way to the colonial courts.

As may be supposed, the people of that island are deeply incensed over this action. They wish to get rid of the French fishermen entirely, and hence oppose in toto any arbitration, the renewal of the *modus vivendi*, and especially this bill. They are burning under a sense of unbearable wrongs, and it is not strange to hear of excited Newfoundlanders talking of an effort to have the colony join the United States, impracticable as the scheme is. And there is talk, too, of armed resistance to the French claims. By rising in arms and driving off the French fishermen, they might provoke a war between France and Great Britain—for the latter will, of course, be held responsible for the colonists' acts; and there is significance in the utterance of one London newspaper that "the Newfoundland kettle of fish may yet go the way of the chests of tea in the Boston tea party."

The heated condition of the Newfoundlanders seems to have at last produced some impression on the home government, for on March 23 the statement was made in the House of Commons that the bill giving effect to the *modus vivendi* would not be proceeded with until April 16, thus giving time for further communications on the subject between the imperial and colonial governments. The proposals of the Newfoundland delegates for settling the whole question by territorial concessions or by some other equivalent, it was also stated, have been submitted to the French government.

THE MICHIGAN CAMPAIGN.

The political campaign which is now going on in Michigan is of a good deal more importance than appears upon the surface. Last fall, for the first time in the history of the state, it went Democratic. Should it follow in the footsteps of last November with the election this spring, it will have taken a place in the list of doubtful states. Not "doubtful" in the Presidential year, but like Ohio and Pennsylvania, in times of local and state elections.

The election in Michigan this spring centers in interest upon the choice of judge of the Supreme court. Both parties have made their nominations, and the campaign is on and already very heated. The Democratic candidate, who has long been before the public, is weak, because of his affiliations in the past, while the Republican candidate, a jurist of undoubted ability and a man of education and thorough honesty, has no affiliations with any faction.

The election last fall is undoubtedly due to the fact that 90,000 Republicans stayed at home, and did not go to the polls to vote. The disastrous result will have the effect upon the Republican leaders to see that the Republicans are all out at the polls, and the rank and file is interested enough in the redemption of the state to roll up a sweeping majority. The record of the Democrats has been so bad in the few months they have been in power, that the "stay-at-home" vote has been put to shame and will not repeat the disgrace of last November.

THE WEATHER SERVICE.

On July 1 of this year the weather bureau is to be transferred from the control of the War department to that of the department of Agriculture. This change is one that has long been needed, and which will result in a decided improvement in the weather service. The rules of military tenure of office have kept in position men who were inefficient and non-progressive, and their influence has been decidedly detrimental. With the army red tape removed, it will be easy to secure the services of scientific men to supervise the important work of the bureau, and we may expect a much better and more accurate line of forecasts, with the speedy introduction of improvements in methods and manage- which have long been demanded.

THE New York *Recorder* very justly remarks, in view of the fact that of the three United States senators elected by the Alliance, one is an editor, the second a lawyer, and the other a preacher, that the next time it has any big office to bestow it should give the farmers a show.

THE prices of all articles of every day necessity in our shops and stores are today lower than they were five months ago. The hollowness of the howl about "McKinley prices" should by this time be fully apparent to the most limited understanding.

STEALING FROM VENEZUELA.

The long-standing dispute between England and Venezuela concerning the boundary line between the latter country and British Guiana has at least reached the point of an open outbreak. A dispatch from Puerto Cabello, dated March 23, states that a fight has occurred between the Venezuelans and the English on the disputed territory. The following is a summary of the history of the dispute:

Great Britain obtained British Guiana from Holland by treaty, in 1814. At that the Essequibo river was the recognized boundary line between Guiana and what is now Venezuela. In 1841, a British authority made surveys and planted forts west of the river. Venezuela protested, and England replied with a denial that her commissioner's acts constituted a claim of dominion.

The question has been a disputed one ever since. Last year a British officer went up several streams in the territory coveted by his nation, posting announcements of English dominion, and even arresting a Venezuelan officer and taking him to Guiana. Venezuela protested sharply; England answered by asserting full claim to a region west of the Essequibo river somewhat larger in area than the state of New York. This broke the diplomatic relations between the two countries, and now fighting was begun.

Great Britain is following the policy which has made her notorious of late years—that of playing the bully with weaker nations outside of Europe. She is very careful not to entangle herself in any European dispute, or with any of the great powers of the world. She is a thief and land-grabber, acting on the old robber motto of

"For him to take who hath the power,
And him to keep who can."

INGERSOLL ON BARRETT.

Col. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, a warm personal friend of the late LAWRENCE BARRETT, voiced the sentiments of all lovers of the legitimate drama when he said, in his address on "William Shakespeare," in New York, Monday night, that BARRETT "did not seek for gain by pandering so the thoughtless, ignorant or base. He gave the drama in its highest and most serious form. He shunned the questionable, the vulgar and impure, and gave the intellectual, the pathetic, the manly and the tragic. He did not stoop to conquer—he soared. He was fitted for the stage. He had a thoughtful face, a vibrant voice, and the pose of chivalry, and besides he had patience, industry, courage and the genius of success. He was a graceful and striking BASSANIO, a thoughtful HAMLET, an intense OTHELLO, a marvellous HAREBELL, and the best CASSIUS of his century.

"In the drama of human life all are actors, and no one knows his part. In this great play the scenes are shifted by unknown forces, and the commencement, plot and end are still unknown—are still unguessed. One by one the players leave the stage, and others take their places. There is no pause—the play goes on. No prompter's voice is heard, and no one has the slightest clue to what the next scene is to be.

"Will this great drama have an end? Will the curtain fall at last? Will it rise again upon some other stage? Reason says perhaps, and hope still whispers yes.

"Sadly I bid my friend farewell. I admired the actor and I loved the man."

OUR NEGRO POPULATION.

The census bulletin concerning the relative increase of the negro in the United States is highly important, because it establishes the fact that the negroes are not increasing in numbers as fast as the whites. The census of 1880 indicated the opposite, and if the 1890 census had shown a similar state of things, we might well have feared that the negro race would, in the course of years, preponderate over the whites.

The late census, however, does away with all fear of such a result. The figures show that in Delaware, Maryland, the District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and Kansas, the rate of negro increase for the decade has been 5.5 per cent, while the rate of the white increase has has been 22 per cent. In South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas, the rate of negro increase has been 19.1 per cent, and the rate of white increase 31.8 per cent. Thus the supposed danger of the nation becoming eventually a black republic is in no danger of realization.

SENATOR VOORHEES comes up smiling in an interview, expressing his agreement with Senator HARRIS, of Tennessee, that Mr. CLEVELAND can not possibly be made the Democratic nominee next year on a free silver platform. When asked if he thought Mr. CLEVELAND would change his views on this question, the Tall Sycamore of the Wabash frankly said that "Mr. CLEVELAND is as stubborn as a mule," and won't do anything of the sort. He thinks that HILL will have the solid delegation from New York, and gives DAVID BOTHOFFICES a large dose of taffy, modifying it by the modest statement that he thinks Indiana ought to stand by GRAY.

THE strength of the Mafia in New Orleans in politics is to be attributed in part to the singular laxity of the Louisiana law, which allows a foreigner to vote on declaring his intention to become a citizen, and before he has arrived at full citizenship. The intention of the provision requiring a given time to elapse after the declaration of intention before citizenship is conferred, is to allow foreigners to become acquainted with our political system. The Louisiana law defeats this intent, and puts a premium on the ignorant alien vote.

ANOTHER charge of murder by faith curists comes from Buffalo, says the Chicago *Globe*. Mrs. Frederick Bartz gave birth to twins three weeks ago. She was attended by two women "completely soaked with Christian science," as the story goes, and the sequel was that the mother and babies died of neglect, the devotees to the obscure theories of Mrs. EDDY refusing to call a doctor to attend them.

IF the new immigration law, which goes into operation almost immediately, fulfills the expections of its framers, it will exclude all foreign criminals and paupers. This will have a tendency to diminish the growth of the Democratic vote in the slums of our cities.

LONDON bankers entertain the notion that silver is not likely to go any lower. The burning question with America, however, is, how to make it go higher. If its price all over the world could be brought to $1.29 per ounce, the silver question will be solved.

THE Indianapolis *Journal* gets a cinch upon the eternal truth when it remarks that "whenever the country gets into a pinch requiring statesmanship, diplomacy or generalship, the people are glad to have the Republican party at the helm."

THE writer in *Longman's Magazine* who predicts that the world will eventually dry up, forgets entirely the office-seeker. He never will.

CURRENT EVENTS

Never was whalebone so dear as it is now—$3.50 a pound.

A Georgia woman caught 33 rats in a trap in one day.

The Princess of Wales is a first rate photographer.

Lawrence Barrett's favorite recreation was horseback-riding.

A famous showman has succeeded in training geese to perform.

A Barre, Vt., man is 83 years of age, and has 26 children, 3? of whom are girls.

A Snow Hill, Md., man ate half a gallon of peanuts at one sitting the other day.

A London woman has a class of 100 cooks, to whom she gives "lntire dinner lessons."

E. Berry Wall has been suspended from membership in the New York club for intoxication.

A grandniece of the Duke of Wellington earns her living by selling flowers in a London arcade.

An Easter towel over 100 years old, made in Bavaria, is of linen homespun, embroidered in red.

A man at Athens, Ga., owns an antiquity in the form of a water bucket, hewn out of the solid rock.

The Congo river is 15 miles wide in some places. Steamers often pass each other, but out of sight.

In Great Britain there is one elector to about six of the population; in Belgium only one to about 40.

A microscopic examination shows that the word "hello" makes 18,000 indentations in a phonographic cylinder.

The fund of $2,500,000 which Mr. Peabody left for the poor of London, now amounts to over $5,000,000.

The greatest ocean depth ever found by measurement was in the Atlantic near Puerto Rico, 4,561 fathoms.

A woman heavily veiled visited Sherman's grave recently and besought the guard to sell her some dirt from it.

A Kansas farmer who announced that he had discovered a new kind of chinch bug narrowly escaped lynching.

Senator Edmunds is tapping a few maple trees on his Vermont farm and will, for a season, try the juice of them.

George Francis Train is as agile and muscular as he was 20 years ago, and walks with the same brisk energy.

In 55 parishes of Louisiana the colored people outnumber the whites in some cases in proportion of fif

Science Causerie.

Recent Discoveries in Egypt.

The recent recovery of a lost work of Aristotle in papyrus of the British museum, which has created such a sensation in the world of letters, lends additional interest to the discovery of a tomb of the high priests of Ammon in the limestone mountain west of Thebes. The tomb is 25 meters below the surface, and consists of two stories, in the lower of which 240 sarcophagi have already been discovered, also 100 papyri and a number of statues of Osiris, Isis and Nepthis. The oldest of the mummies dates back to the eleventh dynasty, 2300 B. C.

What these papyri may disclose to the world is a matter of profound interest to scholars and students of history. And in view of the history of the recovery of manuscripts much may be expected from this grand discovery. Aristotle's works were found in a cellar after having been unknown for more than two centuries. Quintilian's works were rescued from a dungeon in the fifteenth century; a copy of Propertius was found under the casks of a wine cellar, and Magna Charta was taken from a tailor about to cut it into patterns. Other instances equally remarkable occur in the history of literary discovery. Three hundred lines of Homer's Odyssey were found in the hands of a mummy; a work of Cicero was restored from a palimpsest, and by means of chemical application a manuscript of the greater part of the New Testament, dating back to the fifth century, gave up its characters to nineteenth century scholars.

In view of these and many similar instances it seems by no means improbable that we may recover other treasures of learning, especially from the tombs of Egypt. It is a satisfaction to know that these explorations are in competent hands, and that these relics of antiquity will be carefully preserved. It is impossible to replace all the valuable works of learning destroyed by the Saracens at Alexandria, but much may be recovered.

Is the Sun a Dynamo?

Mr. C. H. Zenger claims to have first suggested in 1878 that the sun acts as a huge dynamo electric machine, controlling the motions of the planets and comets by electro-dynamic energy, instead of by gravitation. Since then he has made various experiments which tend to prove that all the motions in interplanetary space, on the sun's surface and in the interior of the planets, are explained by this theory. It has been demonstrated that cyclones and tornadoes have an electrical cause, and reasons have been found for believing that not only cyclones and magnetic storms and northern lights, but also earthquakes and volcanic disturbances, have a periodicity corresponding to a semi-rotation of the sun.

A copper sphere has been made to imitate, by the influence of electro-magnets, the motions of the planets around the sun; and a hollow glass sphere has been rotated on its axis by friction from an electric machine. The appearance of the eclipsed sun, showing the protuberances and the corona has been reproduced by electric discharges against discs of copper and tinfoil on smoked glass plates; and an exact copy of the spots and other familiar characteristics of the sun's surface has been given by discharges on a hollow sphere of smoked glass, or on a silvered mirror. Finally, the phenomena of comets' tails have been imitated by discharges on wrinkled surfaces.

To Sleep After Mental Work.

A Swiss doctor says that many persons who extend their meutal work well into the night, who during the evening follow attentively the programme of a theater or concert, or who engage evenings in the proceedings of clubs or societies, are awakened in the morning or in the night with headache. For a long time the doctor was himself a sufferer from headache of this kind, but of late years has wholly protected himself from it by simple means.

When he is obliged to continue his brain work into the evening or to be out late at night in rooms not well ventilated, instead of going directly to bed he takes a brisk walk for half an hour or an hour. While taking this walk he stops now and then and practices lung gymnastics by breathing in and out deeply a few times. When he then goes to bed he sleeps soundly. Notwithstanding the shortening of the hours of sleep, he awakes with no trace of headache. There exists a clear physiological reason why this treatment should be effective.

A Mystery.

A mysterious circular object, about 1-32 of the apparent diameter of the sun, was seen by an English astronomer as it was crossing the solar disc on February 5 of this year. While this could not have been the long-sought Vulcan of M. Lescarbault, Prof. Monck, of Dublin, thinks it is not less likely to have been a planet. He finds more evidence of transits of an unknown planet in February than in any other month, a remarkable fact being that four of the recorded appearances—those of the years of 1820, 1821, 1837 and 1864—were on February 12.

The Precious Metals.

Americans use an alloy of one-tenth copper in making coins—to harden them. The English use less—one-twelfth. Some time ago the English government filled two spinning cylinders with coin, one with ours and one with theirs, and set them both revolving. They acknowledged that theirs wore away much more under the shaking than ours did, but they were too conservative to change their standard.

Cocoanut for Tape-worm.

Some time ago Professor Parisi, of Athens, was surprised at being relieved of a tape worm after eating very freely of cocoanut. Since then he has tried this as a remedy with almost invariable success, and good results are reported from its trial el ewhere.

SHE GOT HER SHOES.

The Preacher Prayed and Then Took a First Mortgage.

The revival meeting at the First Methodist church, yesterday afternoon, says the Dallas *News*, was called a week meeting, and was conducted by Abe Mulkey. The preacher said in the course of his talk:

"My wife's shoes were worn out and she said: 'Abe, I ought to have some shoes; I am ashamed of my feet.' I answered: 'Louisa, you shall have them.' I hadn't a cent, but I crawled up in the stable loft and said: 'Oh, Lord, Louisa needs some shoes; please give them to her. Don't you know you said: "Seek first the kingdom of God and all things shall be added." Now, Lord, we have sought; please give Louisa some shoes.'

"I went out on the street and met Del Richardson and he said: 'Why, hello, Abe, I've got religion sixteen ounces to the pound.' And I said, 'Thank God, Del, I have got 36 inches to the yard and 100 cents to the dollar.' He said, 'Abe, when you were in the grocery business I left, owing you $8.' I whispered, 'Thank God—shoes.' He continued: 'But I ain't got a cent.' I sorter swunk up. I said, 'Del, what have you got?' He said: 'A bully crop of wheat growing.' I added: 'Will you give me a mortgage on that?' He said, 'I will.' We walked up to the lawyer's office and fixed up the papers. Then I stepped into C. D. Pickett's and said: 'C. D., what is that worth?' He answered: 'One hundred cents on the dollar.' I said: 'Give me some shoes for Louisa.'

"Did you ever notice how a fellow will march home about Christmas with the strings of a pair of shoes hanging over his finger? They are for his wife, about number fives. That's the way I went and Louisa hasn't been out of shoes since. Ask for what you want."

In a Western Newspaper Office.

New Reporter—That item about Colonel Bourbon being murdered that we printed this morning, ain't true. He's alive and well.

Editor—And what do you mean coming here and telling me? The *Hooter* has a character for veracity that must be maintained. Go right off and kill him.—[Philadelphia Times.

Expiring Gasps of the Old South.

Boston Globe.

Now approaches the season when the Italians can take a fearful revenge for the New Orleans affair. They can grind out "White Wings" under the front windows.

WOMEN SHOPPERS.

Clerks Must Not Judge a Lady Customer by the Style She Puts On.

A common annoyance to customers in stores is one that undoubtedly is never made the point of complaint in the list that meets daily the ears of the managers of the different departments. A customer will ask to see some article. When it is shown her, and she expresses dissatisfaction, and asks if it is all they have, five times out of six the clerk will say: "No, it is not all we have, but the other is more expensive." Now, are clerks instructed to guard against customers becoming extravagant? Or does their experience enable them to tell at a glance just about how much a customer can afford to pay for an article? If the latter, they make some serious mistakes at times. Not long ago a woman came into the city from a country town to purchase a fur cloak. It was raining, and she covered her rainy weather attire with a gossamer. She went to the most popular fur store in the city, and informed the clerk that she wanted to look at mink coats. He showed her an inferior grade. She did not like it. He showed her a little better grade. Still she was not satisfied. The clerk finally climbed up to one that was marked $250. She wheeled around and said: "Young man, is that the best cloak you have in the store?"

"No, certainly not. We have very expensive ones."

"Well, show me the very best that you have, and remember this, you never can tell how far a toad will jump by the way it looks."

The attendant stared at her and showed her a cloak marked $750. She took it.

In another store—a book store—a lady wearing a rather shabby sealskin asked for a certain edition of Dante's "Inferno." She was shown one that was not what she asked for. She said:

"Have you not the one I want?"

"Yes, madam, but that is very expensive."

She gave him a look that at least expressed great surprise, and said:

"Did I say anything about the price?"

With a flushed face the clerk produced the book. It was what the lady wanted. She paid the price and ordered the book sent to her address. The name was one that made the clerk vow that never again would he make such a blunder.—[Chicago Herald.

THE LADIES GOT SEATS.

Knew Enough to Remind Gentlemen of Their Duty.

The car was crowded. Every inch of space on the seats was occupied, mostly by men, and the aisle was packed so close with men and women that the conductor could hardly force his way through. At Maple street a man clambered on board. Nobody, not even himself, could tell how he managed to do it. But he did; and when he was once on his breath clove a way through the mass of humanity, so that in five minutes he was well inside. He wasn't drunk, but he was feeling very happy and was inclined to be loquacious. He looked around the car with a frown on his countenance and plainly disapproved the apportionment of passengers to seats. The he inquired solemnly, but in a loud and piercing tone:

"All the ladies (hic) got seats?"

The pretty girl who was hanging to the next strap blushed and looked amused. The men standing up smiled in an envious sort of way. The men who were sitting gave no sign that they had heard. He waited five minutes and then he asked again:

"All the ladies got seats?"

The men who were sitting buried their faces deep in their newspapers. The men who were standing up laughed audibly. The pretty girl changed hands on the straps and assumed an expectant expression. Five minutes more passed. Then he hiccoughed and interrogated for the third time, in a louder and more piercing tone than ever:

"All the ladies got seats?"

That did the business. One of the men who were sitting looked up from his paper in astonishment that a pretty girl was standing in front of him, rose and offered her his seat. Then six other men gave their seats to the six other ladies who were standing, and everything was quiet again. Then he remarked, in a satisfied tone and with the air of a man who feels that he has discharged a duty he owed to society:

"All the ladies got seats."—[Chicago Post.

A COLORED PHOTOGRAPH

Taken Directly from the Negatives —Interesting to Amateurs.

A photographic novelty is now on view at the Literary and Philosophic club, Berkeley square, and it will doubtless be inspected with much interest just at the present time, when no little stir has been caused in photographic circles respecting the discovery of photography in natural colors. It is a colored photographic print said to have been taken directly from negatives, a process adopted having been successfully carried out by Mr. F. Bligh Bond, architect, who is also the honorable secretary of the Bristol and West of England Amateur Photographic association.

The photograph is of cabinet size, and is a view of Land's End. It is a chromocollotype, and is printed in blue carmine and yellow, from a set of three negatives. As intimated, the print is produced directly from negatives, which it is claimed have undergone no re-touching or manipulation beyond the chemical development. The principle involved is the selection of the colors of nature in the negative and their recombination in the print, which is said to be permanent. The photograph, which is dated August, 1890, is certainly a charming little picture. The coloring of the rocks and the sea is especially remarkable for its naturalness and beauty, while the blending and shading of the tints are characterized by the utmost delicacy. The print cannot fail to excite the admiration of all amateur photographers.—[London Court Journal.

MY KIND OF A WOMAN.

She should be kind and good,
With naught of shame or show,
Nor sickly mass of nerves, nor yet too rude,
Too tall, nor yet too low.
Nor fat nor lean, nor quick nor slow.

I care not for the color of her hair;
It may be black, or brown or even red.
Her face—I'd like it just a little fair
And shapely, for I'll never wed
A chin that's disproportionate to the head.

In figure I would like her neat and trim,
Not built of stuff from any shop or store.
But nature's shape in bony and in limb;
So much that she could well endure
This life if we were poor.

I'd love her all the more if she but thought
She was man's equal in the place of life;
That 'twas her right to help improve our lot,
And was a citizen as well as wife,
And so should act when public wrongs are rife.

I'd like her to be really kind and good,
With naught of shame or show,
A perfect specimen of womanhood,
With heart and head aglow,
A being truly sweet to know.
—[Boston Globe.

Logan as a Plunger.

I heard rumors up town yesterday about the "plunging" done the day before by the representatives of "Mr. Manning" on the fifth race at Guttenburg, in which Manning's brown filly Triangle came in second, says Carson Lake in the New York *Press*. Mr. Manning, it is now well understood, is John A. Logan, jr., and the stories are that he lost anywhere from $8,000 to $50,000 on the race. I doubt very much if he did any plunging or any great amount of betting, but the men who frequent the pool rooms insist that he got left for a large sum of money. The filly was kicked by one of the horses in the race just before the start was made, and possibly might have won but for that accident. But somehow or other, no matter what his chances were, the public doesn't like to hear of Senator Logan's son running horses on a race track, and especially a track with as bad a reputation as the one at Guttenburg. If he did any betting I hope it was heavy enough to drive him off the track with his losses.

Light Hearts and Plenty Money,

I have completed my first week with my Plater, and have $24.25 clear money. I am charmed with the business. I bought my Plater from the Lake Electric Co., Englewood, Ill., for $3, and feel confident if people know how cheap they could get a Plater, and how much money they could make, we would see many more happy homes. It is surprising the amount of tableware and jewelry there is to plate; and if persons now idle would get a Plater, they would soon have light hearts and plenty money.

THE NOVEL OF TO-MORROW

THE FAMOUS WRITERS OF TO-DAY

Discuss The Future Novel—Realistic, Romantic or Erotic—A Great Host of Valuable Literary Opinions Tersely Given.

The greatest problem of the literary world of to-day finds itself in the questions, "What will be the future novel? What will it be like? Who will write it?" In literary circles it has been discussed over and over again; but up to this time the opinions of our foremost authors have not been given. With this omission in view, it was my pleasure, not long since, to submit the questions above given to every author of note in America and abroad. Their answers are given, and if they do not settle the disputed point, they at least make, I think, a most valuable contribution to the literature of the subject. FOSTER COATES.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

From New York's Foremost Critic.

The realism of to-day will not last, and, in my opinion, will give way to the romantic school of fiction, which will be the fiction of the future. And the great novel of the future will be romantic, and not an ingenious treatise on science or religion. It will be a fiction pure and simple, a reflex of Walter Scott and Fielding. Thackeray was a great novel writer, and time adds to his reputation. In the latter part of his life Bayard Taylor dined with Thackeray and his daughter Anne. One of them told Taylor that the day before they—the father and daughter—had eaten a whitebait dinner at Greenwich, when the daughter, casting her eyes about her said, "Oh, father! here comes Barnes Newcome." Thackeray wrote romantic ideal realism; and so true and life-like were his characters, that to-day they appear to us natural flesh and blood people whom we have met. Dickens's characters were nearly all caricatures. Sam Weller, Job Trotter, and David Copperfield may have existed, but Dickens's other characters lived only in his grotesque imagination. Fielding was the master of Thackeray, but the pupil soon surpassed the master; and the novel of the future must be written by one who believes in the methods of these two great fiction writers; and who can excel them? We want writers like Jane Austen, Thackeray, Scott and Fielding, and the decade or generation that produces them will inaugurate the era of a healthy and great fiction that will far surpass any of the efforts of the so-called realistic schools.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

A Novel of Its Time.

I think that the novel of the future must be, like the novel of the past, adapted to the requirements of the age. In its early period the novel dealt with the marvels that childhood loves; in its

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

maturity it puts childish things behind it. When it shall have exhausted the facts of the material life, it may pass on toward those of the spiritual life, and find at once a larger truth and romance there. Whatever it may be, it can never be stronger or finer than it has been in the hands of Thackeray, Howells, and Daudet, or touch more closely on the ideal than some of the pages of Elizabeth Shepherd do.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

The Greatest Novels to Come.

I don't think the world's best novels have yet been written at all. Certainly not the best English novels. Greater novels have been written in English than are now being written; but if I know anything about the signs of the future of this great modern art, another generation of writers will produce greater English novels than this one has or is likely to. GEORGE W. CABLE.

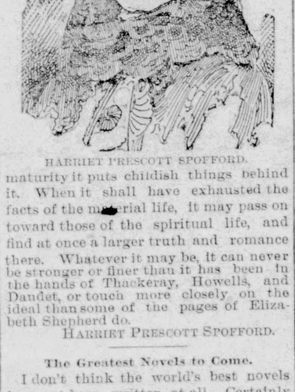
The Century Editor's Views.

Richard Watson Gilder, editor of *The Century*, is in accord with Mr. Howells. He said:

"The future novel cannot escape the realistic, the scientific habit and tendency of the modern mind; but there are many kinds of realism. Realism in fiction does not necessarily mean either dullness or dirtiness, as certain of its adherents seem to think it means. 'The Future Novel,' if by that is meant the highest type of the novel of the future, will, I think, be distinguished by what may be called imaginative realism. It will depict nature in the light of imagination. It will be true, and therefore moral. Its author will be an artist. He will have the sense of beauty, and will not be ashamed of it."

To Perfect Humanity.

First of all, the novel will not be "Art for Art's sake." That "canon" is going to explode along with the "demand and supply" theory, the wage system, the en-



FRANCES E. WILLARD.

franchisement of ignorance and the disenfranchisement of women. Neither will the novel of the future be a realistic photograph. A *composite* photograph of the present and an idealized picture of the future is perhaps its best description, and its aim to build up, to bless, and to perfect humanity. Without moralizing, its ethical quality is going to be supreme, having for its working hypothesis Goethe's "three reverences"—for one's self, for humanity, for God—while instead of didactic interludes by the author, his philosophy of life will be set forth in the splendid vocabulary of action. FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Comstock is Pessimistic.

The present day is cursed with a "vampire" literature that is a disgrace to the nineteenth century. Respectable publishers seem to vie with one another as to which one shall get out the most sensational novel of a lewd order. Modern novel writers are aping the grossness of some ancient writers; and during the past year there have been a number of publications put upon the market by so-called reputable dealers and authors which are utterly unfit for circulation. Some of these have been suppressed; many others ought to have been, and would have been except for the lack of proper public sentiment. This deluge of filth, unless suppressed, will lower and debase public morals, and pave the way for that which is worse; indeed, that which is tolerated to-day forecasts the demands of the future. The tendency seems to be for lewd stories, and the competition be-

ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

tween publishers is so great that the archives of foreign libraries are seached for books of a questionable character to reprint in order to supply the demand. The output for the present day is not flattering for the future.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

Howells in Favor of Realistic Novels.

I found William Dean Howells has high hopes of the coming novelist. "I still believe in the realistic school," he said, in answer to the question. "Not so much will depend upon ingenious plots, but upon the study and development of character. As time goes by the romantic school will, in my opinion, find less favor with the reading public. The home of the realistic novel will be in the United States, and realism will be the style of fiction in the future. We have many novel phases of life and character in this country to furnish material for the future novelist. The man who lives in a country can write more truthfully about it than a foreigner. Even in the United States we have eminent fiction writers faithfully depicting the scenes and modes of life in the sections where they were raised.

"Many years ago our novel writers were confined to Boston and New York. Literary men outside of these two cities were scarce. Now the home of literary men is not confined to one or two cities, but many of them live in distant states. It is a wholesome sign and shows mental activity everywhere. Russia has the greatest novel writers, and they belong to the natural school. England is far behind in fiction, because the romantic school still flourishes and finds encouragement there. There are some great realistic writers in England, of whom Thomas Hardy stands at the head. When Victor Hugo died the death-knell of romantic fiction was sounded. In France, Emile Zola, Daudet and others are doing splendid work by their natural methods. Even in Spain and Italy the fiction writers are ahead of England in naturalness. They have caught the spirit of truth, and write it graphically. It seems to be a logical deduction that if the romantic school is dying out, and the realistic coming into vogue, the latter will certainly be the novel of the future. A fiction that is natural and portrays characters true to life will reign in favor."

More Thought Than Action.

The subject of the novel does not admit of short treatment, and I could not say in brief space what I think of it. I may add, however, that it is my opinion that the present drift is rather to thought than action. That the writers are trying some of them in a phychological way to study interior rather than exterior life. I think we shall get truth to nature, but with more ideality than some of our novelists allow. I do not think you represent it truly if you see it out oridely. Some ideal interior is absolutely necessary.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Mrs. Frank Leslie's Opinions.

Some of us to-day like Rider Haggard and Stevenson, and some like Marie Bashkirtseff or the French vivisection-

MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

ists and minute analysts of the moral diseases of their day and time. Some pounce upon a historical novel with avidity, some throw it aside and select something based upon hypnotism or dreams.

In the future, as in the past, the novels will vary just as much as the tastes of the readers vary, and those will never be more monotoned than they are now. It will still embrace the romantic, the realistic, humorous and analytical, and will only vary from those of to-day by the inevitable growth of the language, and by the coloring taken from the fashions and fads of its own day, the day of a generation yet unborn, which shall differ from us and resemble us, as we differ from and resemble our fathers.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

Edgar Saltus's Clear Vision.

In the novel of the future it is permissible to fancy that the author will be too wise not to be occasionally stupid. He will leave conventionality in the skirts of the surplice. Goethe demanded more light, he will need more air; not the atmosphere of a seraglio, but some broad plateau where the lungs are invigorated by that mother of realism, nature herself. He will study the crowd and its emanations, the unit as well, and then from his knowledge of nature and his knowledge of man, he will be able to explain the multiplicity of the ego, the variable influence of surroundings, the change of views that ensue. Behind the visible act will be the analysis of the invisible cause, the co-ordination of contradictories, the inevitable deduced from chance. And this so clearly yet so objectively, that the reader who picks up the book as he might enter a fancy ball, suddenly, through the mere force of accumulated trifles and unobserved effects, will find himself among men and women who no longer seem, but are; who appeal to him, for whom he suffers, and for whose miseries he would devise a cure. Briefly, the novel of the future will not be fiction; it will be a sentiable psychology for the use of the idle, one that is dictated by the heart, one that whispers to the reader and disturbs him, and leads him unconsciously into that temple which Marcus Aurelius erected to compassion, to human kindness, and abnegation of self. EDGAR SALTUS.

Max O'Rell Predicts the Character Novel.

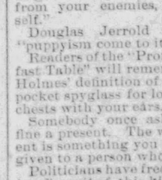
"THE future novel will be, in my judgment, analytical and depict character. What is more interesting and entertaining than the study of character? Zola is not the model to think of for the future, but Daudet has, of all modern French fiction writers, the peculiar gift of depicting humorous characters. The characte in the novel of the future will be a psychological study. As for the religious and the political novel, they are merely fads of to-day, and I do not believe in them. They will be very short-lived, and form no part of the great future for pure and lasting fiction.

We have, in France, seen the various stages of progress through which fiction has passed. At one time classical fiction and drama held the sway. Corneille and Racine, with their blank verse plays, cultivated a yearning for the classics. Victor Hugo dispelled the idea that romance had no field whatever, and for a decade or so his school was all the rage. Then came a reaction, and realism was introduced by some strong writers with marked success. Balzac is a writer that will live. He tried, and succeeded in a measure, to be in touch with human nature. He was prolific, and keenly alive and *en rapport* with the broadest sympathies of humanity. Many other French writers are great, and will live many years.

Now, in England mechanics delight in seeing plays that exhibit dancing, or something that does not appeal to the intellect. In France the top gallery gods understand and enjoy the psychological study of a character in a play. And so, I think, the great psychological novel of the future will be produced in France. A novel that has a story and nothing else to recommend it cannot last beyond a few years. There is nothing more interesting than the study of man. The analytical process of working out a humorous or even a tragical character requires talent of the highest order. The tendency of the age is toward that kind of fiction, and the handwriting on the wall shows that we must expect the great future novel to be founded on the same lines.

MAX O'RELL.

It Will Not be a James or Howells Novel.



Marion Harland, in reply to the question, said:

"I may perhaps be mistaken, but I do not think the novel of the future will be of the Henry James or Howells school. I cannot tell you who will write it; he may be born, but I do not think he has been heard from yet. It may be a woman; and I am rather inclined to the belief that it will be when I think of George Eliot and Charlotte Bronte, two of the greatest novelists whom this country has produced. The novelist of the future must be a keen analyst of human nature; he must put himself into his work and endow his heroes and heroines with life, and heart, and character. Above all, he must forget himself. I think the great trouble with most writers is their self-consciousness. This spoils the simplicity and force of their writing. The novel of the future, wherever it comes from, will have a plot. A plotless novel is nothing more than brilliant verbiage. You can not paint a human life without a plot, for the reason that there is a plot in every one's life. I doubt very much whether Cooper will be read always. Thackeray and Dickens will be read forever. I love Dickens better, but I admire Thackeray more. I only hope I shall be here to see the novel of the future."

SOME DEFINITIONS

Which Do Not Always Define—What the Wits Say.

A definition is itself commonly defined as "a description in words," but to be a good definition it needs to be something more; it should be short, concise, and lucid.

Dr. Johnson defined network as "anything reticulated or decussated with interstices between the intersections," but even "the great lexicographer," as Miss Pinkerton always delighted in calling him, was not at all times clear in these matters, and the schoolboy's definition of the word is much more intelligible to the ordinary mind. It is as follows: "A number of holes tied together with pieces of string."

Burke defined poetry as "the art of substantiating shadows and of lending existence to nothing," but Coleridge was much more concise. "Prose: the best words in the best order."

Kissing has always presented unusual difficulties in definition. A French mathematician once called it "an operation which consists in the approach of two curves which have the same end as far as the point of contact."

There can be no question that definitions afford exceptionally good opportunities for the display of wit and humor. For instance, what could be better than Charles Dickens's description of an arbor? "One of those sweet retreats which humane men erect for the accommodation of spiders."

Voltaire defined an apothecary as "a man who pours drugs of which he knows little into a body of which he knows less;" and Talleyrand describes a metaphysician as "a man who excels in writing with black ink on a black ground."

"A lawyer," said Broughton, "is a learned gentleman, who teaches your estate from your enemies, and keeps it himself."

Douglas Jerrold called dogmatism "puppyism come to its full growth."

Readers of the "Professor at the Breakfast Table" will remember Dr. Wendell Holmes' definition of a stethoscope. "A pocket spyglass for looking into people's chests with your ears."

Somebody once asked Graham to define a present. The wit replied, "A present is something you do not care to keep, given to a person who does not want it."

Politicians have frequently perpetrated *jeu d'esprit* of this kind. Mr. Gladstone was requested, on one occasion, to give a definition of the word "deputation." The great statesman promptly produced the following: "A noun of multitude, which signifies many, but does not signify much."

Lord Beaconsfield, or rather Mr. Disraeli, was once asked in the House of Commons what were the duties of a deacon. The right honorable gentleman rose with dignity from his seat, and said with most solemn visage, "A deacon, sir, is a man who performs diaconal functions." This delightful evasion reminds us of the invariable answer which one receives to the question, "Why is glass transparent?" "Because you can see through it" (i. e., "Because it is transparent"); a form of reply to be classed with the feminine argumentative one, "Because it is."

An eminent physiologist once defined death by hanging as "a process by which inspiration is checked, circulation is stopped, and the blood suffuses and congests the brain." Archbishop Whately, who was present on the occasion, exclaimed, "Nonsense! It is a consequence of the rope not being long enough to let the feet touch the ground."

THE NUDE IN ART.

It is a Matter that Every Individual Must Settle for Himself.

Philadelphia is exercised over the perennial problem as to the immorality of the nude in art. She will doubtless settle it to her own satisfaction, and then it will run along and bother some other town. It is a species of disease, this agitation of the nude-in-art problem. It is a sort of spring fever. It comes up usually about this time of year sometimes in Boston, where statues without spectacles are considered spectacles; sometimes in Detroit, where marble effigies of undressed greatness are furnished with Mother Hubbard gowns.

But why the question should come up we do not understand. We cannot see what good can come from the agitation of so perplexing a problem. It is a matter that every individual must settle for himself. To the pure all things are pure, and to the vile-minded nothing lacks suggestion. A community which endeavors to settle the point as Philadelphia is trying to do, is wasting its time. There are as many views to be taken as there are different kinds of people in the world, and no amount of discussion can ever conclusively show the truth or falsity of any one of the many solutions that will be offered.—[New York Continent.

Undoubtedly.

McCorkle—That's sew!
McCrackle—What?
McCorkle—The tailor's profession.—[Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Spring.

Dame nature now, on pleasure bent,
Puts on her gayest duds
And introduces to the world
And chaperones, the buds.
—[N. Y. Sun.

THREE OF A KIND.

He wanted the earth, like the rest of his kind,
Yet he talked as a trooper rants,
Because a cur, passing along the street,
Splashed a small blotch of mud on his pants.
—[Philadelphia Times.

The sexton helped his worthy wife,
He peeled potatoes well;
He next peeled off his overcoat,
And then he peeled the bell.
—[Washington Post.

The poet burns the midnight oil—
O martyr! watch to keep,
And through the night at that to toil
Which will make others sleep.
—[Puck.

A Novel Railway Clock.

A railroad man has invented a novel clock to be used in connection with the block signal system. It is arranged with dials and figures of unusual size, so that they may be readily seen by the engineers of rapidly moving trains. The hands mark the time of the passage of a train and remain in that position until another train appears. The engineer may thus learn from the clock exactly how long it was since the previous train passed the station.

Signs of Spring.

Cumback—"We're going to have spring right off now for sure. There was a robin flying 'round Rosedale yesterday, and a fellow shot him.

Blewpenville—Yes, and a poet came into the *Whanger* office with a spring poem to-day.

Cumback—And was he shot, too.—[Grip.

No Hurry.

Doctor—You don't seem to improve as rapidly as I could wish, young man.

Patient—No, I guess it is the nurse.

Doctor—The nurse? What is the matter with her?

Patient—She is only eighteen, doctor.—[N. Y. Sun.

On a Homely Man.

He was so very ugly, this
Extraordinary man,
That when in battle he faced death
Death turned away and ran.
—[New York Herald.

Before the Wedding.

Amy—In this partnership we are about to form, am I to be the senior or junior partner?

Jack—I hope you will be the silent partner.—[Chicago Saturday Herald.

Not Pleasant.

The sage grows very angry
And declares it isn't nice,
When some highfalutin fellow
Gives him back his own advice.
—[The Epoch.

In a Paris Hotel.

American—How dare you presume to charge me such an outrageous bill?

Host—But di not ze gentelmain insist zat ze waitairs should coh-habe with him exclusively in ze French?—[N. Y. Sun.

Not Necessarily for Publication.

Litewayte—"Know thyself," as the old Greek proverb said.

Bronson—But don't tell anybody, unless you want to ruin your reputation.—[Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

A Remarkable Musical Fact.

It is a remarkable fact that the Italians have no organ in New Orleans.—[Boston Post.

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G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

Caution!—There have recently been issued several cheap reprints of the 1847 edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, an edition long since superannuated. These books are sold under various names,—"Webster's Unabridged," "The Great Webster," "Dictionary," "Webster's Ex Dictionary," "Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary," etc., etc.

Many announcements concerning them are very misleading. The body of each, from A to Z, is 44 years old, and printed from cheap plates made by photographing the old pages.

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COMPILED BY BVT. BRIG.-GEN. T. F. Rodenbough.

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Publishers' Column.

ALMOST GONE!

We have only a very few copies left of "Social Etiquette," by Miss Emily S. Bouton. When they are gone, we shall have no more. If you want a copy, send now.

We have not a much greater number of Miss Bouton's "Health and Beauty," and those desiring a copy will do well to order at once.

We will send a copy of either by mail, postpaid, for one dollar. Address, "THE BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

STILL ANOTHER NEW PICTURE.

We have still another and a most beautiful picture to offer our subscribers. It is a copy of the "Grand Canal of Venice," painted by Turner, the famous English artist. The original was painted at the height of Turner's fame as a splendid colorist; and was bought by Cornelius Vanderbilt, of New York, for $100,000. The scene portrayed is the

HOME TALKS.

THE GERMAN EASTER.

What Makes Success in Business—A Few Words of Advice to Young Workers.

"An angel robed in light hath said
Your Lord has risen from the dead."

Of all of the festivals of the year the most beautiful in many respects to me, is Easter. For it means so much—not more than Christmas, but it prefigures immortality, the life eternal for which in every heart there is a longing, no matter what the race, color, or religion may be.

Wherever the name of Christ is revered, there this day is made a time of rejoicing. "In Germany they have some very pretty customs. Especially are the children taught to regard Easter with delightful anticipations. One of the merriest of their games is that of hunting eggs upon Easter morning. According to an ancient legend these eggs are laid by a hare. This legend is said to have originated from a little child, who, while hunting his eggs, saw a hare spring away from the nook where they were hidden, and in his childish mind the problem of where they came from was solved—the hare laid them.

The day before Easter a little garden is improvised of hay or shavings outside if the weather permits, and early in the morning before the little ones are awake the parents hide away the brightly colored Easter eggs. A little later they call out: "The Easter hare! The Easter hare!" And the children rush out and begin their search with merry words and gay laughter. If the skies are frowning and the winds blow keen, then the eggs are hidden in various places through the house, and the search is carried on in-doors.

Following the finding of the eggs comes the game of Spicken, or Kizzen, which is a trial of whose eggs are the strongest, and this is the way it is done: Each takes his egg in his hand, letting the round part, which peeps out between the thumb and fore-finger, strike against the round part of another, held in the same way. The one that breaks becomes the property of the individual who holds the egg that remains whole. A merry time they have, as one can well imagine.

The Germans have many other pretty ways of celebrating Easter, and perhaps nowhere do they make such lovely little reminders of the season, as there. These people love holidays, and more than almost any other, know how to enjoy them to the utmost.

I think the Russian custom is a very beautiful one, that of greeting friends, instead of using the usual salutation, with "The Lord has risen to-day," this answer being returned: "The Lord has risen, indeed!"

THE following waif I found floating around, and I transplant it here for its quaint prettiness. It is named "Easter Morning."

Rustled her gown as she softly came
Down the stair like a stately dame
Of long ago; for her mouse brocade,
In the sweet and simple style was made
Of her own grandmother's; she wore, like them,
A gown made straight from band to hem,
A bodice pointed, puffed and laced,
A girdle about the dainty waist;
Sleeves that slashed to the elbow were
Gathered there in a tiny shir,
That closely clung to the rounded wrist;
That the folds of her glove caressed and kist.
Slender, queenly, proud and fair,
Came my lady down the stair
On Easter morning.

Rosily sweet and drooping, that
Face underneath the big, plumed hat,
Which seemed to give to her a certain air
Demurely dashing and debonair;
And caught with a quaint old cameo pin
Was the kerchief framing the throat within,
A snowy throat, and the chin above,
Held a dimple for Cupid's love,
And her lips were sweet as lips could be,
And a swift, shy smile they gave to me,
When her ivory missal I took from her,
Worshiping my fair worshiper.
She had saint-like, gracious, fair,
Came my lady down the stair
On Easter morning!

And so will many another come down the stair upon the Easter morning daintily clad to do honor to the day. It is, indeed, an old superstition that one must wear something new, be it ever so much a trifle—something that has not been worn before Easter, in order to make the year one of good fortune. I give the sign to the BLADE readers for what it is worth, never having proved its truth or falsity.

"WHAT will make one successful in business?" writes a young girl who is obliged to earn her living, and who desires to do something more than to barely get food and drink.

First, my young friend, hold to the thought that this condition of yours—that of a self-supporting womanhood—may be a permanency, and therefore le whatever you do look in that direction. No matter what, in your heart, your dreams of a future may be, count on nothing but a busy life in whatever line of work you are proposing to take up.

Then go to work with a will. It does not matter so much what you do as the way you do it. If you cannot reach what you feel is to your taste, take the next best thing, but because it is not just what seemed the most desirable do not regard it as drudgery, and let it harrow you into slighting what you are paid for doing.

A young girl left dependent upon herself had a talent for drawing and an eye for coloring that promised to make her no mean artist, could she have the requisite training. Instead of that she was obliged to go into a store upon a meager stipend, that would barely suffice to keep soul and body together. At first she shrank in every fibre of her nature from her work. But she recognized the fact that since no other path opened before her, that was what it was meant she should do. Bitter as was her disappointment, she did not allow it to stand in the way of becoming the mistress of her occupation. Prompt, courteous, intelligent in service, she made her individuality felt, and soon found herself under better conditions, her services in demand, and she, herself, largely the mistress of her own fate. Had she given away to her discontent; been careless in her duties; feeling always that she was doing her work under compulsion, and therefore she would only make the effort that was required to enable her to keep her place, the effect would have been business failure and deterioration instead of growth in personal character.

Make yourself, then, mistress of whatever occupation you undertake, no matter how much below your just deserts you may consider it. Regard all work as a means of growth in some way instead of drudgery, and my word for it, you will find yourself advancing in all ways. I know for I have proved it personally. The amount of money which you receive in the beginning for your work beyond a frugal living is not half so important as getting the work to do. Nor is your success to be measured only in that way. It is the effect it has upon you, and upon the world; and when it has been the means of growth to you, and a blessing to others, then it is a success in its broadest and best sense, though the material sign of prosperity, as ordinarily reckoned, may not be present in a very large degree.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

About Letters.

THE question is often asked whether a lady in signing her name to a letter or note, should use a prefix. She should not. It is considered decidedly bad form to do so, but she should always use her own name and not that of her husband. Thus: "Julia M. Dorchester," and not "Mrs. George Dorchester." Yet a stranger receiving such a letter is often perplexed in sending the answer to know whether it should be "Mrs." or "Miss." To use no prefix might seem discourteous, and at the same time to employ the wrong one would be embarrassing.

To obviate this trouble, a lady when writing to a stranger who cannot be supposed to know, should either place the proper prefix in a parenthesis at the beginning of her name thus—"(Mrs.) Ellen M. Barnes" or put below the signature the address in this way:

Truly yours,
Ellen M. Barnes.
Address
Mrs. Ellen M. Barnes,
Cincinnati,
Ohio.

The usual form of opening a business letter to a stranger is as follows:

Mr. J. M. Ellis,
25 Briggs ave.,
New York City.
Dear Sir:

A lady should be addressed in the same way except, of course, using "Dear Madame" instead of "Dear Sir."

If a friendly letter is to be written to a lady by a gentleman, it may begin, "Dear Miss White," and a lady may use the same form, as "Dear Mr. Brice." This form presupposes familiar acquaintance.

"Subscriber" desires to know if it is proper to prefix "Mr." to the name of a gentleman in addressing a letter. It is considered etiquette to use that or else the affix "Esq." Of course if one is used, the other should be omitted.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

SOME NOVEL PICTURE FRAMES.—Having a large number of *Art Interchange* studies which I wished to frame, and not caring to get anything expensive, I have made several which are much admired.

The first I shall describe were made four inches wide, plain and flat; a thick covering of glue was spread over the frame, and this was sprinkled thickly with coarse sand. One frame was gilded with plain gold diamond gold paint. One was in three shades, gold, copper and bronze. One had black spots painted on first, so they would show through the silver paint used. This represented oxydized silver.

One of my prettiest frames was made by first covering the frame with peacock blue cotton flannel, put on plain, and over this open work, coarse crochet work gilded. It makes a lovely frame for a little water color study.

An oval frame that encloses a pretty child-face, is made of heavy paste-board and is four inches wide. This is covered with a full puff or peacock blue silesia. Around the outer and inside edge is a gilt clothes line sewed on. Another very much like it is made of gold and white.

A plain block frame has rope for a finish at both edges, which is gilded. Upon the surface of the frame, circles the size of a silver dollar are drawn and outlined in gold. These are connected by irregular gold lines. A frame painted white is decorated in the same way. Some small studies are framed in lath, with the corners round, and acorns tied where they are fastened together. The lath, being rough, gilds very nicely.

The other day I bought two cheap but prettily-shaped vases. I painted these with diamond bronze paint. I then outlined figures upon them, which I covered with glue, and then with fine sand. This process was repeated until the figures were in relief. They were then bronzed and touched up with gold. I also treated the standard of a lamp in the same way.

I must tell you how a friend made a piano lamp. She got a blacksmith to make a tripod of inch thick round iron. To the top of this was united the iron cup that held a lamp, once upon a time, in a chandelier, and which she fished out from the ruins of a burned house. Into this cup she fitted a glass lamp and had a tinsmith fix a wire frame-work for the shade to rest upon. The whole is gilded and surmounted with a yellow silk umbrella shade, edged with lace. It is quite pretty and cost but a little.

I think she was very bright to invent such a charming lamp. If any one has any of the bracket work that was all the go a few years ago, it can be made into something quite pretty by the use of a little gold paint. I saw one of those lovely "sawed out" hollywood bird cages that was dirty and discolored, fairly transformed by the use of copper and gold paint. My husband calls my diamond golds and bronzes "my mines." I tell him they are much better than his mines, for mine beautify our home, while his are mostly expense. When you find the many ways I use the diamond gold paints, you will not wonder that I buy them by the dozen packages.—J. H.

THE HOUSEHOLD would be glad to have more such suggestive letters as the above.—ED.

HOME-MADE CANVAS.—A lady asked some time ago how she could make canvas to paint on. As I have not seen an answer I will tell her how she can make a good, serviceable one that will not cost much, but will require some "elbow grease."

Get smooth, heavy muslin and mount on your stretcher, then give it a coat of common starch that is free from lumps and not too thick; when this is dry take a very sharp knife and cut off all of the little lumps; you can feel them by rubbing your fingers carefully over the muslin.

When it is nice and smooth, starch it again, and when that is dry paint it with white lead and oil, and when that is dry rub it well with fine sand-paper and then with emery paper, and then paint it again. When dry this time, it is ready for use.

You can make your own stretchers by beveling the strips almost to the outside edge. Small ones can be made of lath. If you want a large piece of canvas you can have a large stretcher made, or you can tack the muslin over a window or door, and after it is all done you can cut it in sizes to suit yourself. Don't put too much oil in your white lead or your canvas will be glossy and possibly sticky. —L. R.

Now is the time to get a copy of "Fancy Work and House Decoration No. 3," the price of which has been put down to 15 cents, in order to dispose quickly of what remains of the edition, no more of which will be issued. Send to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; n 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and h, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

INSERTION.—Cast on 25 stitches. First row—k 3—o—n—k 4—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 5—o—n—k 2; 2d row and every alternate row plain; 3d row—k 3—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 5—o—n—k 4—o—n—k 2; 5th row—k 3—o—n—k 2—n—o—n—k 1—o—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 3—o—n—k 2; 7th row—k 3—o—n—k 1—n—o—n—k 1—o—k 3—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 2; 9th row—k 3—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—k 5—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 2; 11th row—k 3—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1—n—o—n—k 1—o—k 3—o—n—k 2; 13th row—k 3—o—n—k 3—o—n—k 2—o—sl, n and b—o—n—k 1—o—k 4—o—n—k 2; 15th row—k 5—o—n—k 4—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 5—o—n—k 2; 17th row—k 3—o—n—k 5—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 6—o—n—k 2; 19th row—k 3—o—n—k 6—o—sl—n and b—o—k 7—o—n—k 2.

CROCHETED RUG.—Cut bright-colored rags fine and sew them as for carpet rags, keeping each color separate; then with a coarse crochet hook chain four and join; work around this in single crochet five times, widening as for a mat; then sew on another color and work five times around with that. When the rug is the size desired, line with firm cloth. Can be made "hit and miss" in the same way, if desired.—NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Correspondence.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.—I have just read in THE BLADE of February 19, the piece on card playing. I have read the many pieces on this subject with interest, and at last feel that I must add my mite. I was brought up to see something terrible in cards. A euchre deck was considered a terrible thing, and I had dear, good parents. But as I became older and thought for myself, I could not see why a piece of pasteboard with hearts on, was any worse than the same sized piece with questions and answers on. I have prayed over this subject many times, but I do not believe we can teach our children that it is a sin to play cards and do it honestly in the sight of God. If it is, then all games of amusement are sinful. I know the bad company cards have kept have injured their reputation. Let me give you my way, and I tell it to you hoping it may help some mother perplexed as I was.

I commenced with my little ones as soon as they were old enough to play any games. I taught them that they, in themselves, were all right; that only by abusing these plays could they be made a sin to them. I taught them that just as soon as one gave way to temper or jealousy that then they had sinned, and as punishment the marbles or checkers or whatever the game might be must be put away immediately, and that they were alone to blame, not the game. This I have taught as they have outgrown one game after another, and I have allowed all and any game my means would allow.

I always taught them to shun evil associates in playing marbles just as I teach them to do the same in playing cards. But if circumstances sent an unprincipled playmate to them, always to play with him in such a way that he would want to be good and true instead of roguish; to be a help to him instead of being led into error by him; but never to seek such associates.

I am not ashamed to have them seen playing with the window curtains up. If they were in a saloon I should be ashamed; not of the cards, but because of the associations. I have brought up my boys to be men and have one daughter a young lady. I have also boys yet who are little, and the result with the older ones has been such that I am teaching the little ones in the same way.

I think some one says: "Oh, but I'll bet her boys have played where she would not want them to." Perhaps so, I don't know; but one thing I do know, that if I had taught them it was wrong without being able to show them where the sin was, they would have played them anyway, but now they know they need not to hide from mother, and there is no reason why they should.

In regard to playing for a prize, that I think is gambling; playing for any prizes, even a pin. Mothers, we must be able to teach our children to act from principle, and not say it is wrong and then stop there. The young people of to-day must be shown what is wrong, but in every case, if you will stop and think, you can find a reason why a thing is right or why it is wrong. I always try to teach them to love the pure and true and beautiful, and that by living and thinking true and beautiful thoughts they will be happy and will bring these things into their lives, and that the opposite brings discord and unhappiness and misery.—FROM THE MOTHER OF MANY BOYS.

WHAT SHE THINKS. — Ever since there has been such a craze about "Ben Hur" I have thought I would like so much to read it. About a year ago I called on a friend and she was reading it. I asked her how she liked it. She said: "It is splendid." I looked it over some, but when I found out the story of "Our Christ" was only a love story, I was very much disappointed. Still this friend was a lady of intelligence and refinement, and I thought it must be a lack of intelligence on my part that I could not see it to be such a great masterpiece of thought and feeling. Now like N. A. H., to me there is nothing in it, that I saw, that was elevating or helpful and I would not feel I was any better for having read it through. If one wants help outside of the Bible, take "Pansy's" works, any or all of them, and read them.

I have read, I think, over thirty of them, and have never had any book that I have read, help me as they have, and one can not help feeling that they have been benefited by reading them. I persuaded a friend of mine to read "Household Puzzles" and "The Randolph's," and when she finished reading them, he became so thoroughly convinced of the need of a change in his life, that he sought and found peace in believing in our Christ. Well, I do not know but we need a Mrs. Ward or a Lew Wallace, to stir up our sluggish minds, to see whither we are drifting.—AUNT SUE, Toledo.

WHEN SHALL HE WED?—A correspondent wants to know about the signification of the different months with reference to marriage. The following is appended, though the HOUSEHOLD will not guarantee that it is absolutely correct:

A January bride will be a prudent housewife and good tempered.
A February bride will be a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.
A March bride will be a frivolous chatterbox, somewhat given to quarreling.
An April bride will be inconstant, not very intelligent, but likely to be good looking.
A May bride will be handsome, amiable and likely to be happy.
A June bride will be impetuous and generous.
A July bride will be handsome and smart, but quick tempered.
An August bride will be amiable and practical.
A September bride will be discreet, affable and much liked.
An October bride will be pretty, coquettish, loving but jealous.
A November bride will be liberal, kind, but of a wild disposition.
A December bride will be well-proportioned, fond of novelty, entertaining, but extravagant.

Inquiries.

Can any of the readers tell me what ails my butter, it comes in small lumps and wont gather?—E. P. B.

Will some one give the recipe for coloring cotton rags brown with japonica and alum?—J. W. GARRETT.

Would any of the sisters send some pudding recipe—something good? Also, can any one give a good and reliable recipe to can peas, like those bought from the store?—HOOSIER.

Will some reader kindly tell me how to make a fancy lining for gentleman's hat?—ESTELLA.

Will some of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD inform me where I can get some sour pie melon seed to plant this spring? —MRS. L. J. J.

Will some one send a recipe for making sausage?—OHIO PILGRIM IN INDIAN TERRITORY.

Could some reader of the HOUSEHOLD tell me how I could color a pair of white kid gloves? I am not particular as to the color.—EVANS LAKE MAE.

I have been looking for knitted lace pattern, and think the one sent by A. H. S., on March 12, is just what I want, but can not get it right. Perhaps it is that I can not tell what to do with the abbreviation st. by. I do not remember ever to have seen it before. Please explain.—M. E. PHOENIX.

Where and how can I write to get garden seeds of government? Any information on this subject would be very acceptable, as I did not raise a seed, or any of my neighbors.—MISS L. F.

Write to the Commissioner of Agriculture, in Washington, D. C., and he will give you information.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

Edith A. S.: The magazine spoken of, *The Delineator*, is issued by the Butterick Publishing Co., 9 West 13th St., New York City. Subscription $1.—ED.

"I. M. Welcome:" In most cities are places for firing decorated china. Are you sure that there is no one in your own town who does it? Often those who paint a great deal have a kiln of their own. There are several places where it is done here in Toledo, and the same is true of most cities. We would advise you to go or send to the nearest large city and make inquiry there.—ED.

"Olive Stillman:" It is very difficult to make patterns for publication in a newspaper of cross-stitch patterns. Every stitch must be made absolutely clear and plain or there would be trouble.—ED.

"Stranger:" Write to the Commissioner of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Tell Mrs. W. F. Lewis, in THE HOUSEHOLD of February 5, that I put a few drops of camphor in the water and water the plants.—AN OLD READER.

"A Reader:" Julia E. Smith was born in Glastonbury, Conn., in May, 1792, and died in Hartford, Conn., in March, 1886. Her father was a preacher and physician, and a strong Abolitionist. She became known throughout the country as one of the five Glastonbury sisters who resisted the payment of taxes because they were denied suffrage. They allowed their property to be sold for payment of taxes rather than obey the law. In 1876 she and her sister Abigail addressed a petition to the legislature setting forth their grievances. They were well versed in modern and ancient languages, and were engaged for many years in a translation of the Bible from the original tongues, which was published in Hartford, 1878.

The other questions will be answered next week.—ED.

Miss Kate L.: Am sorry not to be able to answer you in the affirmative, but we receive so many such offers that unless sure of receiving something new in that line, we are obliged to refuse.—ED.

"Ione": Elocution is a profession that will give you good returns as a teacher, and is, we understand, a pleasant work, if one has a talent and liking for it. Boston is credited with having, perhaps, the best school. It is certainly a very good one. As to the time it requires for the course, you could obtain the most accurate information by writing to headquarters and asking. Address "Boston School of Elocution and Oratory."

It is impossible to say which is the better profession, elocution or medicine, since it depends so entirely upon the talent, taste and circumstances of the individual. As to the time required; from one to two years' study under some reputable practitioner, and then a two years' course in college. Sometimes the latter is extended to three years.—[ED.

Recipes.

PUFF PASTE, GERMAN RECIPE.—One pound good flour, 1 pound good butter, 1½ cup ice water, 1-3 cup of flavoring extract, 1 egg. Wash your butter good the night before, rinsing it, flatten it out after washing on a dinner plate and keep it cool till you use it. When you want to mix your paste, take the flour in a flat pan or pastry board, make a hollow in the center, put egg, water, rum or flavoring in it and stir to the outward but be careful not to make the dough too stiff; neither does it want to be sticky. Roll it out now about 1-2 in. thick, and put the butter on the dough, fold over all four sides of the dough and roll once. Cool for 1-2 hour, after this fold in four and roll once, fold again in four and roll again. Let cool again, roll and fold twice again. After the last rolling, cut in desired shapes, as stars or any others, brush the top with mixed egg and milk (not the sides) put coarse sugar on each of it and bake in quick oven for about 1-2 hour. This makes a delicious tea confectionery.—F. O., City.

TO PUT EGGS AWAY.—A little while back some one inquired for a recipe for putting eggs away in brine. Here is one I have used two years and know it to be good: To each pailful of water add 2 pints of fresh slacked lime, 1 pint of common salt. Mix well. Be sure the eggs are good when put in and none will spoil but will be as fresh when taken out to be used as when put in.—MRS. KITTIE HOWELL.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.—When the juice of fruit pies runs out into the oven while baking, the best of the pie is lost. You can prevent it by binding the pie with a strip of dampened cloth about an inch wide before putting into the oven. Chicken pies should always be bound in this way, using a wider binding.—MRS. J. M. H.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—2 teacupfuls W. G. molasses; 1 of brown sugar; 1 cupful butter; 1 tablespoonful soda; 2 of ginger; 1 cupful milk; flour sufficient for a soft light cake.—SUBSCRIBER.

How to kill moles. Soak pieces of grains of corn or bugs in Rough on Rats and make small hole in mole's road and drop in your bait. The moles will soon disappear.

How to clean lamp burners. Boil them in strong lye for about twenty minutes and rub dry with cloth.—I. L. R.

Hi, There!

Oh, Chicago, wild and woolly,
Let your meaning be revealed;
Why do you tatty Tennyson
When you have old Verse Field?
Why, Field can take the Laureate,
Despite his uncut locks,
And snatch him in his special line
From his immortal socks.
—[N. Y. Sun.

SUMTER, SOUTH CAROLINA, June 2d, 1887.
Dr. A. T. SHALLENBERGER,
Rochester, Pa. *Dear Sir:*—I have been using your Antidote for Malaria in my family for several years. For more than a year I had chills, and was so low down that I had not strength to walk. Mr. Whomsley begged me to try the Antidote, and it cured me at once. I am now a strong, healthy man. We use no other medicine in the family, as we find it the quickest, safest, and also the cheapest. Yours very truly,
SAMUEL CLARK.

THE OTHER SIDE NOW.

THEIR IDEAL WIVES DESCRIBED.

The Men Tell What They Think this Time—Now it is the Women's Turn to Read and Learn.

My ideal of a wife is one who is in all ways a helpmeet to her husband; helping him by precept and example to lead an honorable, Christian life; helping him by industry and economy, and genuine interest in his business to make his life successful and realizing that his success is hers. I would have her self-sacrificing, yet never, under any circumstances, working beyond her strength, or making a martyr of herself unnecessarily. I would have her devoted to her husband, yet knowing, and insisting on her own rights, neither more nor less. I would have her maintain such social position as her means will justify, but beware of asking from the man who loves her better than his life more money, or time, or strength than he can afford to give her. The position of a woman who has to beg for every cent she spends is pitiable; the position of a man ruined in business, broken in health, and made unsuccessful for life by the exactions of his wife is not less so, and the number is greater than most people suspect. I would have her give her love without limit to her husband and children, and require from them as much in return. If you wish for a further description read the last chapter of Proverbs, and if you wish to see the one who comes as near that ideal as any man ought to ask for, call on me and be introduced to the girl who has made my life happy for more than fifteen years.—PETER O'DACTYLE.

Our turn? Well, have at you then, Ideal Wife. Many of us possess her, only we don't know it; but some do not possess her, and are waiting—waiting for her to come their way. I have her; now laugh. I have, though. She wanted to marry me and climbed the fence to the top, but would not get over until I asked her. She attends to her part of the partnership business and never interferes with mine unless I ask her to. If I buy a brass watch for a gold one, a lottery ticket, or sign a scoundrel's note and have it to pay, she sympathizes with me instead of scolding me. She knows she got beat, and is not going to put all the blame on me. She never asks to go anywhere unless it is necessary, and when I kept horses enough, she never asked at all but hitched up her own horse and went. She never asked me to take a horse off the plow or reaper to go to the Ladies' Aid Society, and does not aspire to be president of the W. C. T. U., or go as a delegate to a convention of female suffragists. She is always ready to get up and build the fires if I am sick or can make or believe I am; also to give me a soda water bath, put a plaster on my back or make me a cup of ginger tea. She will sit up all night with a sick child and let me lay and snooze. I congratulate myself that I have succeeded in making her believe that I am a hopeless invalid, but when the doctor told me to chew tobacco for dyspepsia, and she found a little wad stuck in a knot hole at the barn the fur flew for three weeks. However, realizing that when a man really gets his heart on tobacco, whisky or horse trading, there is no common sense argument that will influence him, she let up on the tobacco business and peace was restored. Last, but not least, she loves me and I know it; and what woman can be an ideal wife and not love her husband?—BENEDICT.

I think the fact of a woman not being a church member would not conflict in the least with her performing her duties as a kind and affectionate wife, but she must be one who loves cleanliness and good order, and is a neat housekeeper; one who does not go about her household duties fretting, scolding, slamming the doors, etc. I would desire her to be kind and considerate, and thoughtful of other people's comfort as well as her own, and to have a kind and pleasant word for me when the day's work is over. I would desire her to take an interest in my business affairs, so that I could talk over my business matters without making her "tired." One who would meet me at night when the day's work was done with a smile and a kind word, instead of with a frown and a torrent of abuse for some trifling matter that I may have forgotten to do for her. I would desire her to be as pleasant and agreeable when at home as when she is out making calls. One who does not circulate disagreeable truths too much, nor indulge in idle gossip; who is fond of reading good literature, and has good common sense. In short my "ideal wife" would be a womanly woman.—BAILEY BURNS.

In fulfillment of our editor's request to describe our "ideal wife," I will say, in the first place she should be a Christian woman. This includes all, but I will be more specific and give some of the particular characteristics. She is intelligent—I should not like to have as a life companion one who is of inferior mental capacity to myself, for if she were so, how could we enjoy conversation? She reads papers and books and keeps well informed on the topics of the day. To have time for this, she does not spend too many hours making fashionable calls and attending various entertainments. She is not a tattler, she is industrious, has meals on time, keeps her husband's clothing in good order, dresses neatly—but not extravagantly, and has an intelligent conception of the financial conditions of the firm and regulates expenses accordingly. She is kind and affectionate in disposition, ready to greet her husband with a smile and a kiss. If you wish to know any more of her, refer to what Solomon says in Prov. 31, 10-31, and take such parts of that passage as are applicable to our present age.—W. A. K.

The subject of an "ideal wife" is so vast I do not propose to discuss it at length. I will merely hint at it. It is a question that should and does command the wits of the "sterner sex." Perhaps those only who have had experience can give a right view of the "ideal wife. My idea of the woman who has attained the high standard of an ideal wife is somewhat in accordance with the opinion of the man who had so many wives and expressed his views in the last chapter of Proverbs. Who can find an ideal wife? Her price is far above rubies. As to the qualities essential to the ideal, or model, I think she should be a practical woman. Not of the kind described by Aristippus, who said: "If she is ugly she will displease you: if pretty, she will betray you; if poor, she will ruin you; if rich, she will rule you."

She need not, essentially, be pretty, but she should rather possess those rare qualities, far, infinitely superior to common beauty of face. Kindness, of devotion, of noble, sublime, Godlike action. Kind words, kind deeds, fidelity and moral sunshine. When these are present the attractiveness of ornament has lost its power, and flattery is rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. There is power in a good temper. There is also an influence in a clean apron, and the road to the masculine heart often leads through his stomach. One hand in the dough is worth two feet in the dance! I think our wives should totally discard poodle dogs, and use a looking glass temperately, be sparing of novels and don't dabble too much in politics.

"The girl in the hammock reads a book,
Catches a beau by hook or by crook.
The girl in the kitchen, scouring a pan,
Cannot capture any man.
Ten years later, head in a whirl,
He wished he had taken the kitchen girl."

Furthermore, I abhor this old-fashioned practice of courting six months and marry and then quarrel 40 years. Let our women rather court their husband as well as their sweethearts. Gather up all your old love letters and memorize them and speak the loving sentiments therein contained to the husband. Methinks it will fire his heart again as it did when he was 20.

If you cannot say your husband is the best husband in the world, the next best thing is to possess those qualities which will give him the exalted name of having the best, most graceful, handsomest, sweetest, loveliest women in the world for a wife.

Woman alone was made to bless
The life of man and share his care,
To soothe his breast when keen distress
Hath lodged a poisoned arrow there.
H. GREELEY MILLER.

If I wished to marry (which of course I do not), give me a lady whose word is as true as the Bible, who is kind, affectionate and always jolly when well. Other men may ask for all the good qualities they can think of, but these will do for me. "No others need apply."—E. M. W.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

BECKEE, MISS.

Ruby E. Wagner, Irvin S. Wagner,
Ernest G. Wagner, Frank A. Wagner,
Jane M. St. Arnold, Adell Clitty.
Marie St. Arnold, Herbert Wagner,
George H. S. Luthy.

MT. VERNON, O.

Chase Morey.

PLEASANT HOME, ORE.

Frank Stephens, Joseph Stephens,
Amy Stephens, Lent Stephens,
Lizzie Claggett, Oliver Calvin,
Jellie Dover, Mabel Leslie.

CIMILORIO, NEW MEXICO.

Violet Littrell.

HYANNIS, NEB.

Ernest Teater, Charles Hooks,
Clarence Matthews, John William Kresse,
Ray McIntyre, Richard McGuire,
Levi Perkins, Joe Yoakam.

Names this week, 27. Total, 30,732.

The above embraces all names received up to March 30.

Selling the Baby.

What am I offered for Baby?
Dainty, dimpled, and sweet,
From the curls above her forehead
To the beautiful rosy feet,
From the tips of the wee pink fingers
To the light of the clear blue eye;
What am I offered for Baby?
Why'll buy? who'll buy? who'll buy?

What am I offered for Baby?
"A shopful of sweets?" Ah, no,
That's too much beneath her value,
Who is sweetest of all below!
The naughty, beautiful darling!
One kiss from her rosy mouth
Is better than all the dainties
Of East or West or South.

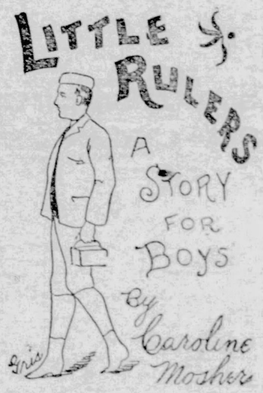
What am I offered for Baby?
"A pile of gold?" Ah, dear,
Your gold is too hard and heavy
To purchase my brightness here!
Would the treasures of all the mountains
Far in the wonderful lands
Be worth the clinging and clasping
Of these dear little peach-bloom hands?

So what am I offered for Baby?
"A rope of diamonds?" Nay,
If your brilliants were larger and brighter
Than stars in the Milky Way,
Would they ever be half so precious
As the light of those lustrous eyes,
Still full of the heavenly glory
They brought from beyond the skies?

Then what am I offered for Baby?
"A heart full of love and a kiss?"
Well if anything could ever tempt me,
'Twould be such an offer as this;
But how can I know if your loving
Is tender and true and divine,
Enough to repay what I'm giving
In selling this sweetheart of mine?

So we will not sell the Baby!
Your gold and gems are stuff,
Were they ever so rare and precious
Would never be half enough!
For what would we care, my dearie,
What glory the world can give,
If our beautiful darling were going,
If our beautiful darling were gone?
—[Harpers' Young People.

For the BLADE'S Young Folks.



Willis Osborne walked to school with a very thoughtful, sober face. He usually announced the arrival to his mates by bounding in their midst with a handspring, or came as if borne on the wings of a whirlwind, with a war whoop that would have won a red man's admiration and approval. But when he quietly appeared on the school grounds this morning they wondered at the change in him, and when his chum, Dick Hazen, slapped him on the shoulder and asked "What's a foot now, cap'n?" Willis mumbled some reply, and to their surprise walked thoughtfully away.

They called him captain because he was prime leader in their sports, and I am sorry to add, many of a mischievous nature. Willis was so quiet in school the teacher found it unnecessary to keep a sharp lookout in his direction. In the geography class, when he stepped upon the platform and took the long pointer to bound the state of Michigan, the teacher was astonished to hear her bright pupil begin absently: "Abraham Lincoln is bounded on the right by the United States," and when a roar from the school brought him to his senses he retired to his seat in confusion.

At noon, when Willis with several boys were eating their dinners under the shade of a big tree, he suddenly came out of his brown study and said:

"Say, boys, I went to the city last night with Uncle Will and heard a smart lecture about the nation, and about many of the great men that have helped to make it what it is, and many things I didn't understand. Then he stopped right in his lecture, and pointing to a lot of us boys, said, 'These boys on the front seats will help rule the nation some day,' Says he, 'Did you ever think of that boys?' Possibly a future president sits before us. We must so educate them that they will grow up upright and honest men.' Says he, 'Begin now boys to build a character that when you are grown—for what are men but grown boys—you can review with pride and thanksgiving.'"

In his ardor Willis had upset his dinner pail and was entirely oblivious of the fact that the toe of his shoe reposed sweetly in his cup of jam.

"The lecturer said to be great men, we must be good. He said Abraham Lincoln was both. I never thought I was ever going to help rule the nation. I've been thinking about it ever since. Its awful responsible," and a serious expression swept across his face as he gazed into space.

"How shall we begin?" asked Dick, biting off the end of a big pickle that looked like a miniature Indian club.

Dick was always ready to follow where ever his friend chose to lead.

"Well, I think we might begin by trying to be gentlemen for one thing, and stop playing pranks on folks, and teasing the girls, and being rude, and making so much noise. Rulers don't act so. And we are a new set of rulers growing," said Willis, drawing himself up proudly. "We might form a club and call it 'Rulers of the Nation, jr.,' if we want to."

"Must we take off our caps to everybody we know?" asked Johnnie Hyde, so excited at the thought that he put his pie in his eye by mistake.

"Yes, I spose so," answered Willis slowly, who had received many reprimands for his thoughtlessness on this score.

"My!" exclaimed Fred Waite, cracking a hard boiled egg on his forehead. "We might as well go barcheaded and done with it."

"We might just touch them to the girls then, and take them off to old people and young ladies," said Willis, wiping the jam off his shoe.

"Sister says Abraham Lincoln split rails. Shall we split rails?" inquired Henry Brown, diving into his dinner pail for another biscuit.

"No-o, we couldn't do that, but we might split the kindling wood," replied Willis, who usually shirked that chore when possible.

"Let us begin being a club right off," said Dick pounding on his dinner-pail cover. "I think it's time we stopped cutting up shines. The smaller boys are trying to be like us, and I think we are to blame if they do wrong."

"That's so," said Willis, taking a creased and blotted paper from his pocket. "I fixed this up to sign our names on. Sat up late to do it."

The paper was headed, "Rulers of the Nation, Jr.," which was passed around and eagerly signed by the boys. Then they sat down and talked it over, and made plans till school called.

That afternoon when Willis and Dick were going home from school they saw Kitty Wilson coming up the street. Now Willis had a special admiration for her but had only showed it by pulling her curls and making mouths at her.

When she saw them coming towards her she tried to assume a very haughty and scornful manner.

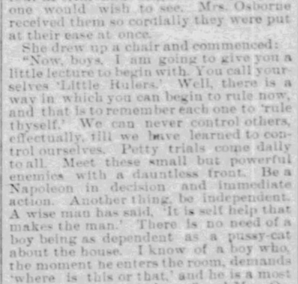
"Remember, now, and touch your cap."

"I'm afraid she'll laugh," said Dick, who had a morbid fear of ridicule.

"No she won't—now," said Willis in an undertone.

They touched their caps with sober gallantry. A look of surprise came over her face and with a quick, warm blush, she returned the salutation with the grace of a little queen.

"That was the first time I ever was polite," said Dick; "it makes everything seem pleasant like, don't it? I'm going to be polite after this, and maybe Bell will stop calling me a tame wild man," said Dick, as they separated at his gate.



At the next corner Willis met Miss Prim, a crabbed old lady who had been a wrathful victim of many a boyish prank. A gust of wind met her also and whirled her old fashioned cape over her head. At any other time Willis would have passed on with a grin, but now he stopped and readjusted the flapping garment that gave her the appearance of an umbrella turned wrong side out, then picking up several small packages that had fallen from her arms in her struggles with the cape, he returned them to her with cap in hand and passed on.

"Bless my stars!" she ejaculated as she gazed over her glasses, then through them, at the boy whistling down the street. "Who'd 'a' thought that tick-tackin' door-bell ringin' little imp would 'a' done that? Maybe he ain't sich a bad b'y after all," and Miss Prim walked on with her mind in such a bewildered state that she felt the need of a consoling pinch of snuff, and untwisting the neck of one of the paper bags, took ginger by mistake and went up the street, coughing, sneezing and wiping her eyes till people began to wonder what could be the matter with poor Miss Prim.

Willis arrived at his gate just as a lady was descending their steps. With cap in hand he waited until she had passed out. She bestowed on him a bright, appreciative smile that made his heart bound with pleasure. His mother met him in the hall and kissing him en

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Vaginal Discharges in Heifer.

S. M. B., Pennsylvania: Syringe with water, tepid, 1½ pints; chloride of lime, ¾ oz. Do this once a week for four weeks. Put 1 oz. saltpetre in drinking water, once a day for five days.

Poultry Inquiries.

J. M., Iowa: Egg eating fowls like feather pullers, cannot in most cases, be broken of the habit. Various devices have been used, and different kinds of treatment given, with but indifferent success. An egg eater should at once be removed from the flock, or the habit may be communicated to all of the hens. After years of experience with fowls the editor can say that he knows of no certain cure. As to the hatching of eggs that have been soiled by others that have accidentally been broken in the nest; they will hatch in good season if carefully wiped off with a cloth dampened with tepid water and then wiped with a dry cloth. The question as to feeding poultry with baker's stale bread: This kind of food is not bad if the bread is sweet. Where there is the least sourness it should not be given. Mixed with some vegetables and boiled oats, it makes a good feed. At this season of the year hens should have plenty of green food.

Celery Raising.

Constant Reader, Utah: The mode of raising celery was given in full in THE BLADE not long since.

Mare's Leg Swells.

D. S. L., Winnebago county, Illinois: As your mare is with foal, the swelling of the leg, udder and her sides are not alarming symptoms of disease. A little steady, but not hard, exercise will very likely reduce the swelling. If her bowels show signs of constipation, give bran mashes two or three times a week as a regulator. Medicine is not advisable in most cases when a mare is with foal. She will no doubt come out all right when she has her colt.

Brown Leghorn Eggs.

J. D. M. (no state): Many persons breed Leghorn fowls. If some one of them would put a small advertisement in the Weekly BLADE, they would find many customers like you, who want eggs, as well as fowls of the breed named.

Bi-sulphide of Carbon.

Subscriber, Minnesota: Bi-sulphide of carbon is put up in glass receptacles. It may be had of almost any druggist.

Lumps on Colt's Leg and Thigh.

D. K. S., Butler county, Dakota: Your colt may have farcy, which you describe pretty closely. This is a contagious disease, and is in its acute form as dangerous as glanders. You will do well to at once consult a veterinarian. You are advised to give sulphate of copper, ¾ dr.; iodine, ¾ dr., twice a day for a week. Dress the eruptions with bin-iodide of mercury, 1 dr.; lard, 2 ozs. Rub a little of this in with a small mop. Be careful not to get any of the exudation on your hands. Of course, it would be impossible for the editor to judge correctly from the brief letter you wrote, but it indicates farcy. As the worst of the buds are on the lymphatic glands, a personal examination by a competent veterinary should be made without delay.

Bed Bugs and Chinches in Poultry House.

T. C. S., Missouri: Take all the fowls out of the poultry house. Then close up the cracks, and put an old pot or pan in the center of the house in which is put sulphur. Set this on fire and close the door of the house. The fumes will enter every nook and corner and destroy all insect life. The fumigation must be done thoroughly. After this, whitewash the inside of the house, and wipe the perches, top, bottom and sides, with a rag dipped in kerosene oil.

Diarrhea in Sheep.

J. W. M., West Virginia: The first thing necessary to cure diarrhea in sheep is to put them in warm quarters, where they will not get wet or chilled. The food of the sheep must be looked after. See to it that it is free from mold or sourness; Steamed grass this remedy for diarrhea: Prepared chalk, 1 oz.; catechu, 4 drachms; ginger, 2 drachms; opium, ½ drachm. Mix this with ½ pint peppermint water, and put it in a bottle. Two large tablespoonfuls of this is given to a sheep night and morning, and half as much to a lamb. Shake the mixture before giving.

Sheep Cough and Sneeze.

J. O. F., Carroll county, Indiana: Keep the sheep away from damp places or from chilling winds. Give best of food. Give inwardly, Epsom salts, ½ oz.; saltpeter, 1 drachm; ginger, 1 drachm. Mix with molasses and put on back part of tongue with a wooden paddle.

Broom Corn.

J. R. H., Michigan: Soil for raising broom corn should be about the same as that for the production of Indian corn. Rich, warm, loamy land is adapted to its culture, as injury to broom corn growing on it is not so liable as on clay land, which is not suitable for it. Eight loads of well rotted manure should be put on each acre of ground. This is usually placed in hills, and twelve to fifteen bushels of ashes may be added with advantage. Plaster, two to four bushels per acre is good. Plant seed in hills three to four feet apart. If the seed is good ten to twelve seeds to the hill are sufficient. If seed is poor plant enough to insure five or six thrifty plants. The seed should be planted as early as possible, after there is no longer certainty of spring frosts. In Michigan this would be, perhaps about May 10. The ground should be well pulverized. Thick planting gives the finest and best brush. Plant seed 1 to 2½ inches deep. When plants come up, run a cultivator between rows and then hoe. This should be done four or five times during the period of growth. Break the tops down before fully ripe, or when the seed is a little past the milk, or if frost appears, immediately after it. Break the stalk 13 inches below the brush. Let it hang until fully dry. Then cut and spread out under cover till dry. By keeping the weeds down, and carefully cultivating the plant, broom corn is a paying crop. Otherwise, there is no use in attempting its cultivation. To prevent exhaustion of the soil, the stalks should be plowed under after being cut, or made into compact, and returned to the soil from whence they were taken.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Poultry Raising.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—There was one item in my former letter, owing to length, I omitted in the care of young chicks, and that is watering, for I consider that necessary, as also cleanliness and regularity in regard to it. After the morning meal I have often noticed they seem chirping or fretful, reminding one of a little child, which seems to be for no other reason than a drink, as after that is given they seem contented and willing to run about, or be hovered by the hen. I use for the first week or so tins for drinking vessels, such as workmen carry with their lunch baskets; sitting near the mother, if they are tied, so one or more can drink. The chicks will all clluster around. When all seem satisfied, remove, empty and wash, for use again in the evening.

The chicks do not get drabbled as when larger vessels are used. After a while, pint tins answer very well. For drink I use sweet skimmed milk, slightly warm, or water, if milk cannot be had, with twice a week a small piece of lime about the size of a grain of corn, to a pint of water. I usually pour a spoonful of boiling water over it first to dissolve it, and then fill up with either milk or water. In warm weather, if cooped in slatted or open coops, chicks will, if allowed, run through the grass and drink the dew or any water they find. It seems the better plan to provide their first drink in the morning, and keep shut up until the dew is off.

Now, about the third week, if one has formerly been troubled with gapes, one will notice some beginning to snuff or sneeze, more especially if within hearing distance after they are hovered for the night. If such is the case they need prompt attention, if they are saved, as the gapes fill and grow in the windpipe very rapidly. For this disease air slaked lime has given me by far the best results, better than removing with a horse hair or feather, as either of those are uncertain, and where one has a number of chicks very troublesome. I had read of the lime cure, but the mode of applying always bothered me until I happened on the plan of using a shoe box or any tight box large enough to hold fifteen or twenty at once without crowding. Sew up a pocket of thin, unbleached muslin, large enough to hold a half pint of lime loosely. Sew all around so the lime will not escape in large quantities. Have a cloth large enough to cover the top of the box; put the chicks in. It will be less trouble to gather them up while eating. Have the sack of lime ready, put your hand under the cover and hit several times very emphatically against the side of the box with the lime sack; the lime will thus escape in a cloud and the chicks breath it.

After the first dusting has somewhat settled, repeat. The chicks will by this time be sneezing pretty lively. This process will probably take about five minutes. Now turn box on side, allowing them free, putting in another lot until all have been limed. Do this about three times a week for two weeks, and by that time they will mostly get along all right. I have never smothered nor lost any by so doing unless by neglect they went too long without treatment, the gapes thereby filling the windpipe, causing suffocation. With the editor's kind permission will write next of roup and rheumatism, also of feed for young chicks of from three weeks to two months old. Will say we like THE BLADE. Postmaster gave husband six or eight different papers to chose from, but THE BLADE was our choice among all.—BETH, Harrison county, Ohio.—[The editor hopes to hear from Beth again.—ED.]

It Pays to Keep Poultry.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—I have long been a reader of THE BLADE; enjoy especially the articles on poultry keeping. Will give my experience of last year with about 80 hens. There were hatched about 600 chickens, of which about 200 were killed by minks. We succeeded in getting rid of the minks, and sold $26 worth of young and $12 worth of old chickens. Have on hand 160 hens to raise from this season. We sold eggs to the value of $20.

We raised ducks, too; of 160 eggs set, 117 hatched, which were sold as soon as well feathered. Of the 117 hatched 81 were sold, which netted the sum of $21.80. The total for eggs and poultry is $79.80.

Of course we had lots of trouble with mites. But cleanliness and eternal vigilance is necessary. Oh, yes, lots of patience, too.

We have a mixed breed of Plymouth Rocks and Light Brahmas.

If the editor will not consign this to the waste basket, I will come again.—FARMER'S DAUGHTER, Illinois.

White Worms in Carrots.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—Would like to know if there is any one troubled with white worms in their carrots. They are about one-fourth of an inch long and size of a common sewing needle. Mine have been so for two years. Is there anything that will prevent them?—E. W., New Hampshire.

Mulching Fruit Trees—Planting Potatoes.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—R. F. Johnson, Fair View Farm, Oregon, wants to know about mulching fruit trees. Yes, mulch all you can, but do not mulch with saw dust. Would you feed a horse saw dust? Barn-yard manure, the richer the better, especially for raspberries and blackberries, but do not neglect cultivation. You cannot mulch and leave them long, the grass will soon form a tough sward if you do.

I think planting potatoes after the plow a slouchy way of farming. Make the ground rich, soft and deep. Mark with a single shovel four inches deep, either three feet each way, or in drills. I think cultivation both ways stands drouth the best. Keep the surface level as possible. Cut potatoes, two eyes, on a piece and put two pieces in a hill. If ground is rich it will bear three pieces.

The quickest way to harvest potatoes is to plow them out. They are cut, and haggled and bruised by horses feet and one-third are left covered by dirt. Next best, throw them out with a fork; then they are speared full of holes. Last, but best, and requiring more elbow grease, is to take a good hook and dig them out decently. Potatoes will sell better if they are not bruised or punched full of holes.—N. I. THOMPSON, Van Buren county, Michigan.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD: I will try to answer R. F. Johnson, but must say that his question on mulching is one on which men of experience differ. As to his question, "Will it do good to mulch with pine sawdust?" Yes, on apple trees, but not black berries, as it will not pack enough. My experience is, it is not best to mulch apple trees if it is possible to cultivate them, and I have tried mulching them different times in the year—fall and spring—and the first of July, and I can not see any good that I ever received, only to keep out weeds and harbor the white grub worms, and the smooth-headed borer.

As to planting potatoes, I think it pays every time to plant the whole potato about 3½x2 feet apart.—OLEY, Missouri.

Poultry Raising.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—For the past ten years I have had some experience in raising poultry. I have been in the business long enough to find that the early ones were the ones I could make most on, but for the past three years my earliest chicks have died with what some term scours.

What is good to prevent it?

Last year I tried — turkey raising. My early ones did well and grew finely, but those hatched in May would eat heartily, but had some disease of the legs; the knee joint would become enlarged and the joint stiff and the leg become so drawn that their feet would be drawn up to their wings. They would live several days, but finally die. Can any of our poultry raising friends tell me what is the matter and give me some cure?—MANDA HARKINS, Indiana.

Potatoes.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—The scarcity and consequently high prices of this important vegetable makes anything bearing upon them interesting. While the failure was due largely to drought, yet where they received proper care, and were on good ground, there was a fair crop, with extra good prices, making them the money crop of last year. Here in our neighborhood we usually raise many acres. The last three years they have been a drug on the market. On that account last year the acreage was a little under the usual amount, but on good soil and well cared for, the yield was fair. A good many growers got from 200 to 250 bushels per acre on fields ranging from ten to 25 acres, while a good many got light yields, running down from 30 to 40 bushels per acre, being on poorer ground and worse affected by drought. The varieties we plant almost exclusively are the Hoosier and Mammoth Prolific, both good yielders and of the late varieties. The Prolific is a little the earliest, and also the best eating of the two. The Hoosier stands shipping long distances the best. We ship mostly South—mostly to Orleans. We grow a few early potatoes, but only small patches for home use, selling our surplus to the city of Evansville, a few miles below us on the Ohio river. Most plant the old stand-by, the Early Rose. Some have Early Ohio, and also Early Elephant. All are good and reliable. Will give our method of planting and cultivation of potato in next. What has become of all the correspondents to the farm column, and where are all those who were so in favor of a poultry column? Brother farmers, write for your paper and make your own department interesting.—PERKINS D. FISHER, Warrick county, Ind.

The Bee Industry.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—I am pleased to see the interest manifested in the bee industry by writers of the Farmstead, and have come, not to give but to receive information. We have a few colonies left from last year. Over half have died from starvation. Now what we wish to know is how to save the remainder. We have no experience in feeding bees, and would like those who have to come to our rescue, telling what to give and how to give it. The bees are in movable frame hives. We trust someone will answer soon.—SUBSCRIBER, Ind. [The editor will be pleased to have some one reply to the above.—ED.]

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Sunday School.

The Good and Evil in Jehu.

LESSON II., SUDAY, APRIL 12, 1891.

Golden Text:—Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.—1 Sam. 16:7.

LESSON TEXT.

(2 Kings 10: 18-31.)

18. And Jehu gathered all the people together, and said unto them, Ahab served Baal a little; but Jehu shall serve him much.

19. Now therefore call unto me all the prophets of Baal, all his servants, and all his priests; let none be wanting: for I have a great sacrifice to do to Baal; whosoever shall be wanting, he shall not live. But Jehu did it in subtilty, to the intent that he might destroy the worshippers of Baal.

20. And Jehu said, Proclaim a solemn assembly for Baal. And they proclaimed it.

21. And Jehu sent through all Israel: and all the worshippers of Baal came, so that there was not a man left that came not. And they came into the house of Baal; and the house of Baal was full from one end to another.

22. And he said unto him that was over the vestry, Bring forth vestments for all the worshippers of Baal. And he brought them forth vestments.

23. And Jehu went, and Jehonadab the son of Rechab, into the house of Baal, and said unto the worshippers of Baal, Search, and look that there be here with you none of the servants of the Lord, but the worshippers of Baal only.

24. And when they went in to offer sacrifices and burnt offerings, Jehu appointed fourscore men without, and said, If any of the men whom I have brought into your hands escape, he that letteth him go, his life shall be for the life of him.

25. And it came to pass, as soon as he had made an end of offering the burnt offering, that Jehu said to the guard and to the captains, Go in, and slay them; let none come forth. And they smote them with the edge of the sword; and the guard and the captains cast them out, and went to the city of the house of Baal.

26. And they brought forth the images out of the house of Baal, and burned them.

27. And they brake down the image of Baal, and they brake down the house of Baal, and made it a draught house unto this day.

28. Thus Jehu destroyed Baal out of Israel.

29. Howbeit, from the sins of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin, Jehu departed not from after them, to wit, the golden calves that were in Bethel, and that were in Dan.

30. And the Lord said unto Jehu, Because thou hast done well in executing that which is right in mine eye, and hast done unto the house of Ahab according to all that was in mine heart, thy children of the fourth generation shall sit on the throne of Israel.

31. But Jehu took no heed to walk in the law of the Lord God of Israel with all his heart; for he departed not from the sins of Jeroboam, which made Israel to sin.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Ahab served Baal a little; but Jehu shall serve him much (v. 18). There are different ways of serving; and this sentence from the lips of Jehu shows that a man may use the same word in two opposite meanings at one and the same time. Jehu spoke as if he were to worship Baal with more earnestness than did Ahab; but he really meant, in his heart, Ahab served Baal sinfully; Jehu will serve him right. Because Jehu spoke deceitfully in a good cause, it doesn't follow that his method of doing was justifiable; but Jehu's double speech does suggest that you must sometimes get back of a man's words to know a man's meaning.

And all the worshippers of Baal came, so that there was not a man left that came not (v. 21). The less there is of godliness is an entertainment, the more of a crowd it will draw. And men are a great deal more faithful in attendance at places of evil resort than of good. A circus or menagerie in a country community will bring out more farmers and their families in haying-time than have been at church within a year, in that region, on any five Sundays put together. The keeper of a corner grog-shop feels more sure of his customers six nights in the week than the average pastor does of his church members at the mid-week prayer meeting—one evening in seven. There are Sunday school teachers who will not miss attendance at a weekly popular lecture, or club, or concert, who are really "too tired" to be at the teachers' meeting when the evening for that comes around. There is a heartiness and a fidelity shown in the devil's service, and in attendance of meetings for almost any other object than the highest spiritual good, which ought to put to shame the professed followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Look that there be here with you none of the servants of the Lord (v. 23). The servants of the Lord had no business in the house of Baal. Had they remained there through the performances of that day, they would have lost their lives in consequence. In more instances than one, a servant of the Lord has lost his life through being where he didn't belong. He has not, it is true, died through a direct judgment of God on him for being where he was, but he has died through not being where he ought to be. It is never well for a servant of the Lord to be in any place where he would be unwilling to meet death if it came to him there. He ought not, indeed, to be where he would be unwilling to die because of being there. Unless it would be a good record that that servant of the Lord died because he was just then in that theater, or in that ball-room, or on that train of cars, or in that city, or in that home, or in that church, then let him look to it that there be there no servant of the Lord of his name, at that time. If, however, he belongs there, let him be on hand and stay it though, if he dies for it. The post of duty is a good station at which to live or to die; it is the only station where a Christian ought ever to be found.

Because thou hast done well thy sons shall sit on the throne (v. 30). If a man does evil, he suffers for it, and his children suffer for it also. If he does well, he and his children are rewarded. A consciousness of this truth ought to stimulate parents to well doing, and restrain them from trangression. No father can be known as intemperate, or dishonest, or impure, or unfaithful to a trust, or profane and godless, without having his children hang their heads for shame of his misconduct. If, on the other hand, a father is honest and industrious; if he gains the respect and affection of the community; if he attains to any worthy distinction, which will be bestowed in such a way as reflects on his children, and they have commendable delight in their father's good standing. Even partial well-doing like Jehu's is rewarded on one's children. Heaven was not promised to Jehu's descendants, but a throne in Israel was. A father cannot get his children into heaven by his zeal for the right in one direction; but his conduct even thus far will redound to their credit.

But Jehu took no heed to walk in the law of the Lord, the God of Israel, with all his heart (v. 31). A reformer is not always a pattern of godliness. A great many men are more zealous in hostility to particular forms of evil than they are faithful in observing the way in which they should go. They do not love liberty so much as they hate oppressors; they are more ready to fight rum-sellers than they are to be temperate in all things; they are violent in denunciation of men of another party or another sect from themselves, but they are not careful to show a proper spirit, or to pursue a correct course, in the sight of all who observe them and their ways. It is not necessary that a reformer should be an inconsistent man. He loses power if he is so. The better way for him would be to show himself zealous against all forms of evil, and at the same time to take "heed to walk in the law of the Lord, the God of Israel, with all his heart."—[H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

BEET SUGAR INDUSTRY.

Where the Sugar Beet Will Grow in the United States—The Outlook.

More than half the sugar used on this planet is now made from beets. The sugar crop of the world for the season of 1889-90 is given as follows: from cane, 2,928,000 tons; from beets, 3,350,000 tons; showing a "majority" for beat sugar of nearly 1,300,000 tons. Nearly all the beet sugar is made in Europe—more than one-third of the whole in Germany. Figures show that during the past ten years the annual production of cane sugar has remained stationary, while that of beet sugar has doubled.

In the United States the beet sugar industry has only fairly started. Enough has been done, however, to show that the beets can be raised and the sugar made with profit. Experience has proved that the sugar beet reaches its highest development in North-temperate latitudes. It grows luxuriantly in the far South, but contains a much smaller per cent of sugar. The expressions "north" and "south" do not refer to any absolute parallels of latitude, but rather to isothermal lines, which in many cases run obliquely to the parallels of latitude, and in some cases cross them almost at right angles.

As a result of many years of careful experiment it may be said that as far as temperature alone is concerned the sugar beet attains its greatest perfection in a zone of varying width through the center of which passes the isothermal line of 70 degrees F. for the months of June, July and August.

This isothermal line, for the United States, begins at the city of New York and passes up the Hudson river to Albany; thence turning westward it runs near Syracuse and passes in a southwesterly direction, touching the shore of Lake Erie near Sandusky, O., turning then in a northwesterly direction it passes into Michigan and reaches its highest point in that state near Lansing; then passing in a southwesterly direction it enters the state of Indiana near South Bend, passes through Michigan City, then in a northwesterly course continues through the cities of Chicago and Madison, reaching its highest point near St. Paul, Minn.

Thence it passes in a southwesterly direction until it enters the state of South Dakota, thence it turns again northwest and reaches its highest point in Dakota just above the forty-fifth parallel of latitude where it crosses the Missouri river. Extending a distance of one hundred miles on each side of this isothermal line is a belt which, for the present, may be regarded as the beet sugar area of the United States. There are doubtless many localities lying outside of this belt, both north and south, in which the sugar beet will be found to thrive; but this will be due to some exceptional qualities of the climate or soil and not to any favorable influence of a higher or lower temperature.

As to soil it may be said in a general way that any soil which will produce a good crop of Indian corn, wheat, or potatoes, will, under proper cultivation, produce a good crop of sugar beets. The soil on which sugar beets are grown, however, should be reasonably level, and this being the case it should be well drained. Natural drainage on level soil being somewhat deficient, it is most imperative that tile drainage be practiced. It would be useless to attempt to raise sugar beets on level land without tile drainage, especially in a rainy season.

The average yield in this country has been fifteen tons to the acre, worth at a sugar mill from $4.50 to $5.50 per ton. The cost of seed, cultivation, harvesting, etc.: varies from $35 to $60 per acre, according to the reports received at the department of Agriculture. At the present time it appears that the most economical processes for sugar can be made in this country at a cost of from four to five cents per pound.

During the year ending July 1, 1890, we imported 2,934 million pounds of sugar. Including the domestic production we used in the way of sweetening 3,134 million pounds. This does not include maple sugar and 80 million gallons of molasses and syrups—cane, sorghum and maple. We used last year about 55 pounds of sugar for each man, woman and child in our census returns. This is a larger consumption than that of any other country in the world, except Great Britain, which used 70 pounds for each person.

With free sugar, as provided for by the present tariff, it is estimated that the consumption of sugar in the United States will speedily equal that of Great Britain. At 70 pounds per head, and a population of 64,000,000, this would amount to 4,480,000,000 pounds annually. It is safe to predict that within five years this quantity of sugar will be required for the annual supply of our people. The home market, therefore, for many years to come can not hope to find its supplies in the home product.

Beet Sugar Experiments.

The beet sugar industry is being worked in Central Kansas by Dr. Sweitweiler, of Germany, who is in Aberline, Kan., arranging for 500 experimental tests in different counties with the foreign seed. He says a German syndicate, with a capital of $10,000,000, will put up factories if the tests are satisfactory.

THE SUGAR MARKET.

What the Causes Are for its Unsettled Condition.

The New York *Times* published the following on March 25. The unsettled condition of the sugar market in view of the fact that the new sugar tariff goes into effect April 1, has been the cause of some very wild stories as to what the barons of the sugar trust are engaged in at present. The details of a startling scheme, which the trust was reported to be about to carry through, were given to the public by a morning paper, a scheme which, however, proves to be absolutely impossible as well as illegal.

The price of sugar after April 1, will at once drop to 4½ cents, in consequence of the removal of the duty on raw material of certain quality. Meanwhile the trust has overestimated the supply which would be needed during the month of March when, of course, the products of duty-paid material would have to be used and the price would remain above six cents.

Consequently, about two weeks ago they found themselves with nearly a hundred thousand barrels of refined sugar on hand more than would be needed to supply the market before April 1. This sugar had been made from duty-paid material, and must be sold at six cents or more to save great loss. Large shipments to foreign markets were naturally the result of this state of things, and here comes the basis of the sensational story.

All exported sugars manufactured from imported material are allowed a drawback of 2½ cents a pound, which is supposed to make up for the duties paid on the raw material. It was at once concluded that the large shipments abroad were nothing more or less than consignments of sugar upon which the drawbacks of 2½ cents a pound was to be collected from the government.

After the new tariff went into effect under which sugars of certain grades are to be free, the astute "barons" of the trust intended, of course, to re-import the sugar on which they had already received the above 2½ cents a pound, in drawback, and sell it at the new price of 4½ cents, thus covering the loss which had threatened them.

The backbone of this neat little theory was, however, very quickly extracted, yesterday, by men who are familiar with the law as far as the sugar trade is concerned. Chief Clerk of Customs Joseph J. Couch smiled knowingly when the matter was brought to his attention, and turned to the law on the subject. He then quoted the following provision as to what is on the free list:

"Articles, the growth, product and manufacture of the United States when returned after having been exported, without having been advanced in value or improved in condition by any process of manufacture or other means. * * * Provided that this paragraph shall not apply to any articles upon which an allowance of drawback has been made—the reimportation of which is hereby prohibited except upon payment of duties equal to the drawbacks allowed or to any article manufactured in bonded warehouses, and exported under any provision of law."

This would, of course, prevent any such attempt on the part of the refineries here as has been indicated. A very widely prevalent feeling of dissatisfaction exists among the jobbers of the sugar trade in consequence of the way in which the members of the trust hoodwinked them at the beginning of this month.

It was then said that the refinery price would be maintained at least 6½ cents a pound throughout the month. At the same time a hint was thrown out that the price might rise to 7 1-10 even. But a few days after the most of the jobber firms had loaded up at 6¾, the refineries dropped to 6½, and now to 6¼. Between sixty and seventy thousand barrels have been shipped abroad by the refineries.

One member of a retail firm said yesterday: "There is no doubt that we were led into a trap; the result has been, I think, to react unfavorably on the refineries in the matter of disposing of this supply of duty-paid sugar for the jobbing trade has in turn tried to get rid of the sugar it had been loaded down with, and the trusts market has not been as free as it would have been. Sugar has been sold by the retail traders even as low as 5½c. meanwhile it is extremely difficult to get spot sugar in New York from the refineries. They are busy manufacturing sugar in order to meet the demands of the trade April 1.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A BATCH OF NEW CARDINALS.

Italians Will Still Predominate in the Sacred College.

The Rome correspondent of the *Catholic News* says that the recent death of several cardinals having considerably thinned the ranks of the sacred college, it is confidently stated that in the consistory to be held shortly after Easter, the Pope will create some five or six new cardinals. There are eight vacancies in the sacred college. In the consistory of December 30, 1889, the Pope reserved one cardinal in petto. He is supposed to be Archbishop Rotelli, the present papal nuncio at Paris. Among the candidates spoken of for the other red hats are Mgr. Ruffo-Scilla, pontifical major domo; Mgr. Di Pietro, nuncio at Madrid; Archbishop Satolli, who represented the pope at the Catholic centennial celebration held in Baltimore in November, 1889, and Mgr. Beralli, all Italians, and the archbishop of Vienna, and Mgr. Kopp, bishop of Breslau, who are classed as foreign prelates. The Sacred college now numbers thirty-three Italian cardinals and twenty-nine cardinals of foreign nationalities. As the Pope has long purposed to proportion the Italian and foreign elements so that the numerical pre eminence remain to the former, in the coming creation three of the five cardinals will certainly be Italians. The postponement of the consistory, which was to have been held some months ago, is declared chiefly due to delay attending the nomination of several foreign bishops, among them that of Posen, which is still being treated for with the German cabinet.

A HITCH IN THE PROCEEDINGS.

Newfoundland Will Not Join Canada in the Negotiations.

A special dispatch from Ottawa, Ont., says: There has evidently been some hitch in the projected trip of Sir Charles Tupper and his colleagues to Washington, and it is believed it is to the refusal of Newfoundland to jointly negotiate with Canada for reciprocity with the United States that the delay may be attributed.

It is learned, however, from a reliable quarter that a meeting of the cabinet is to be held to discuss the matter, when some definite action may be decided upon. Sir Charles's view of what reciprocity should be, and the limits to which the dominion government is prepared to go are somewhat at variance. Sir Charles's idea is more liberal in its scope and application than the view of his colleagues.

Sir Charles, while in Nova Scotia, assured the electors of that province that whatever arrangement might be made for the reciprocal exchange of commodities between Canada and the United States, there would be no modification in the duty imposed on bituminous coal imported from the United States. It is learned that this assurance was given upon his own responsibility, and that several members of the cabinet, especially those from Ontario, are opposed to any such arrangement.

A NEW DEAL CONTEMPLATED.

Newfoundland and the Dominion of Canada to Federate.

It is asserted in reliable quarters that as a partial solution of the Newfoundland question Lord Salisbury is using every effort to bring about a confederation of the colony with the dominion. A member of the cabinet here said that he believed Newfoundland would be a great acquisition to the dominion and that the government would gladly welcome any reasonable proposition by which the union might be attained.

The main obstacle in the way of federation, which would complete the consolidation of all the British possessions in North America, would be the determined opposition many of the leading merchants of Newfoundland would offer as it would destroy the monopoly they now enjoy in trade. These merchants he said virtually control the electorate among whom their influence rules supreme.

Speaking of the proposed commercial treaty recently negotiated between the United States and Newfoundland, he said that nothing more disastrous could befall the commercial welfare of the Dominion than the ratification of such a treaty independent of Canada. For this reason Sir John Macdonald inferred and used his timely influence with Lord Salisbury in defeating the scheme of the Newfoundlanders.

VON FABRICE DEAD.

A Prominent German Statesman is No More—His Life.

General Count George Frederic Alfred von Fabrice, president of the court of ministry of Saxony, died at Dresden on March 25.

[Count von Fabrice was also minister of state, minister of war and minister of foreign affairs, having held those positions since 1866, when Saxony joined the North German confederation. He took part in the Austro-Prussian war of 1866, as chief of staff for Prince Albert of Saxony. Promoted lieutenant-general when peace was declared, he entered the ministry of war and reorganized the Saxon army, which was then reduced to being the Twelfth corps of the German army, upon the model of the Prussian army. When the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71 was declared, Count Von Fabrice was appointed military governor of the territory of the Twelfth corps. Towards the end of 1870, Count von Fabrice was summoned to Versailles and was placed in charge of the administration of affairs in the department of the North and of the Seine at Oise. After the conclusion of the preliminaries of peace, Count von Fabrice remained in France as chief of the army of Occupation and as the representative of Prince Bismarck. In June, 1871, he returned to Dresden and resumed the ministry of war. He was promoted general of cavalry in 1888. Count von Fabrice was born May 23, 1818. He was the son of a superior officer, and entered the cavalry service of Saxony in 1834.]

TO TAKE THE CASE TO ENGLAND.

Newfoundland Has Appointed Her Anti-Coercion Delegates.

The Lower House of the Newfoundland legislature has appointed Premier Sir Wm. Whiteway, Speaker Emerson and Mr. Morine, the leader of the opposition, delegates to proceed to England to oppose the adoption of the imperial coercion laws. The legislative council will appoint Hon. A. W. Harvey and Mr. Pitts. The delegates will leave by the first steamer for England via Halifax.

A CLUB IS OVER THEIR HEADS.

A New Law that Greatly Aids in the Increase of Crime.

A new law just promulgated empowers French criminal courts in dealing with certain transgressions, to postpone sentences for first offenses five years in the hope of the offenders reformation, and if there is no second offense, the sentence is then void. Second offenses are to be visited with severity.

An Immense Oil Well.

Telegrams from Baku says that a naphtha or petroleum well of unusual size has been tapped near there within the past fortnight. It is now throwing off oil at the rate of 50,000 tons, or, in the American style, about 400,000 barrels per diem, the fluid pouring forth in such quantities that a small river has been formed along the banks, on which the crowds stand all day long.

The new well is worth several million roubles to its owners, a stock company, although its discovery has sent down the price of naphtha 30 per cent.

Due to English Invasion.

It is now rumored in Lisbon that the declaring of a state of siege in Manicaland by the Portuguese authorities, as recently reported from South Africa, was due to fresh English invasion of the country.

Long Distance Telephone.

During the performance of Le Mage in Paris on March 26, the opera house was connected with London by telephone, and the music was distinctly heard here.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.

CLEVELAND IS THE CANDIDATE.

Kentucky Democrats Willing to Stand by Grover.

Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, and Representative Caruth, of Louisville, are chagrined. At least Congressman Caruth so admitted on March 25.

Just after the ex-president had written his anti-silver letter, Congressman Caruth told the country in an interview that Mr. Cleveland could not hope for the support of Kentucky should his name come before the next convention. Senator Blackburn also wrote a letter taking President Cleveland out of the list. Mr. Caruth has arrived in Washington and this is what he says about Cleveland and the blue-grass Democracy:

"Cleveland may be out of the race, but the people of Kentucky will not believe it. I have just come from home, and I find Cleveland sentiment so strong that it amounts to hero-worship. Why, I said to them that Cleveland was not so strong in the east as he had been, and they laughed me to scorn. They would not see it in that light. They are anxious to support him despite his silver letter. They acknowledge that they do not agree with his financial views, but they say that he is honest and that tariff is to be the issue of the campaign."

When all the free-silver Democrats in the last House, which included the majority of the Democratic members, were criticizing Mr. Cleveland and declaring that he was dead politically, all the Kentucky delegation joined in the acclaim except Congressman Breckenridge and Senator Carlisle. Mr. Breckinridge was particularly positive that the ex-president's utterances had not injured him with the masses. It would appear that the silver-tongued orator knew best whereof he spoke.

Mr. Cleveland's latest letter to the Indiana Tariff-Reform league has raised him in the estimation of Democrats here. Representative McMillan of Tennessee, returned from New York this morning, and said that Mr. Cleveland was stronger now than ever before.

Gov. Toole, of Montana, who arrived in the city gave it as his opinion that ex-President Cleveland was the choice of the majority of Montana Democrats.

NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1892.

Chicago May Get It, But it Will be Conditionally.

Ex-Assistant Postmaster General Clark son is of the opinion that the chances of Chicago being selected as the place for holding the next national Republican convention will depend to a great extent upon whether Illinois is to put another candidate forward for the presidential nomination. During a conversation he said:

"So far as centrality of location is concerned, Chicago's advantages are superior to those of other cities. And I myself have a very strong regard for this city. But before announcing my preference I should want to hear all the arguments that may be advanced by other claimants. If Chicago intends to champion the claims of another son I am inclined to think that fact would hurt her in her efforts to obtain the convention. Last time it was given out that Chicago had no choice and therefore her press would accord impartial treatment to all candidates for the Presidency.

"Well, when the convention met," continued Mr. Clarkson with a smile, "Chicago was found to have a very decided choice, and her press championed his cause in a manner not at all pleasant for the advocates of other candidates. I don't say that Chicago's having a candidate will prevent her being selected. I merely say that it might weigh with the candidates."

THE MOVEMENT IS BOOMING.

Farmers in Minnesota Flocking to the Alliance.

The report of Secretary Stromberg, of the Minnesota Farmers' Alliance, shows that the organization is making the same phenomenal growth as last year. More than 11,000 members have been enrolled since the election in November, and Mr. Stromberg says six or seven sub-alliances are being organized weekly. The present number of lodges is 1,315, with a total membership of 52,600.

There Was No Bribery.

The California legislature adjourned *sine die* on March 26. Before adjournment 205 bills had been passed by both branches and sent to the governor. The investigation committee could find no evidence of bribery in the Senatorial election.

The Farmers on the Coast.

D. J. Cole, the national organizer of the Farmers' Alliance, has been in Salem, Oregon, for the purpose of organizing county alliances. Since his arrival in Oregon, a few weeks ago, he has organized eight local alliances. He will visit every county in the state.

Tennessee is a Back Number.

The Tennessee Senate has rejected the bill appropriating $250,000 for a state exhibit at the World's Fair. The House, however, passed a bill allowing county authorities to appropriate money for exhibits at the fair.

REV. DR. HOWARD CROSBY DEAD

The End Came Peacefully, at an Early Hour Last Evening.

Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby died at 5:30 p. m. on March 29, at his residence in New York. His end was peaceful. As the bells were ringing for vesper service of Easter day, he asked by sign for paper and wrote a few lines to his loved ones, to the absent son and daughter in Egypt, and the three members of his family at home. The first words of this,

WASHINGTON NEWS.

RACES IN THE SOUTH.

Census Superintendent Porter Issues an Important Bulletin.

Superintendent Porter, of the Census Bureau, has in preparation an important bulletin giving the population of the South Atlantic and South Central states, Missouri and Kansas, by races. The total population embraced in this count is given as 23,875,259, of which 16,808,205 were white, 6,996,166 colored and 10,888 Chinese, Japanese and Indians. In the states included were found in 1890 fifteen-sixteenths of the entire colored population of the United States, so for the purpose of immediately ascertaining the percentage of increase of colored populations the returns of these states are adequate and not liable to be materially affected by the returns of other states and territories where the colored population is small. The abnormal increase of the colored population, in which is known as the black belt, during the decade in 1880, led to the popular belief that the negroes were increasing at a much larger rate than the white population. This error was a natural one, and arose from the difficulty of ascertaining how much of the increase shown by the tenth census was real and how much was due to the omissions of the census of 1870. The facts as ascertained sustain the theory that the high rate of increase in the growth of the colored population as shown in 1880 was apparent, not real, and that it was due to the imperfect enumeration in the Southern states in 1870.

During the past decade the colored race has not held its own against the whites in a region where the climate and conditions are, of all those which the country affords, the best suited to its development. In but three decades, that is, from 1800 to 1830, during a part of which time the slave trade was in progress, has the colored race increased more rapidly than the white.

Since 1830 the whites have steadily increased at a more rapid rate than the colored people. This increase has not been effected by the aid of immigration, for with the exception of Kansas and Missouri these states have received comparatively few emigrants, either from foreign countries or from the northern states. Similarly the proportion of the colored inhabitants to the white increased somewhat between 1800 and 1830, but since that time it has steadily diminished. In 1830, when the proportion was at its maximum, there were nearly six colored inhabitants to ten white, but this proportion has been reduced to a trifle more than four at the present date, or by nearly one-third of its amount. The deficiencies of the ninth census, says Mr. Porter, are so apparent in this table that any extended reference to them is wholly unnecessary.

The following table gives the present white and colored population of the several states under consideration:

	White.	Colored.
Alabama	830,706	631,431
Arkansas	816,517	314,327
Delaware	130,429	29,022
District of Columbia	154,832	75,927
Florida	224,461	166,678
Georgia	973,462	858,710
Kansas	1,374,882	51,251
Kentucky	1,222,661	284,706
Louisiana	554,712	562,803
Maryland	824,149	215,004
Mississippi	587,803	747,720
Missouri	2,524,468	154,131
North Carolina	1,040,237	561,170
South Carolina	458,454	692,503
Tennessee	1,332,971	424,300
Texas	1,741,100	482,857
Virginia	1,044,650	640,367
West Virginia	720,262	33,503

To get the total population of these states, 2,581 Chinese, 104 Japanese, and 8,207 Indians, should be added to the sum of the white and colored population.

Several tables are given which show the movements of the colored element of the population during the last half century. An inspection of the table makes it evident, says the bulletin, that there has been no extended movement of this element since the time of the civil war. Indeed, with the exception of the District of Columbia, the border states appear to have lost rather than gained, and during the last decade there has become perceptible a southward movement of the colored element from the border states into those bordering the gulf, particularly into Mississippi and Arkansas, where they have increased proportionately to the whites. Let the states under consideration be divided into two groups. The first comprising Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and Kansas, and the second, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas. Now, the increase of the whites in the first of these groups from 1880 to 1890 was at the rate of 22 per cent, while that of the colored element was but 5.5 per cent. In the second of these groups the rate of increase of the whites was 31.8 per cent, while the that of the colored was but 20.1 per cent. In the first group the number of colored to 100,000 whites diminished between 1880 and 1890 from 26,701 to 23,088, or 13.5 per cent, while in the second group it diminished from 81,456 to 73,611, or only 9.6 per cent. There is therefore a perceptible tendency southward of the colored people, which, while by no means powerful, has resulted in drawing a notable proportion of the element from the border states and in producing in two of the far Southern states a more rapid increase of the colored element than of the white.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE INDIAN.

Very Little Provocation Will Cause an Outbreak.

The War department is taking advantage of the cessation of hostilities among the Indians of Dakota, and has of late been engaged in gathering some authentic information as to the probabilities of another outbreak this spring. Careful investigations have been made by the officers of the army serving as agents at the Pine Ridge and Rosebud agencies and their reports are not altogether reassuring.

In substance these officers assert that there need or need not be trouble, just as the government desires. An outbreak can be prevented or on the other hand very little will fan the slumbering feelings of the aborigines into fierce flames. That is to say, the whole case rests upon the care exercised in the distribution of the appropriations. If the Indians get wrongful gain that is due them, and there is not too much juggling, there will be peace.

But the moment the government attempts to pinch the Indians, who do not feel very complacent over the late trips to Washington, will, it is predicted, surely revolt. These Indians at present are in the majority in the two Dakotas, as most of the hostile chiefs have been taken by an Indian show for an European trip, and the remaining hostiles are thus short of leaders. They realize perfectly well that the chiefs are not held as hostages, but have gone as a matter of enterprise, and so they would not necessarily be deterred from an outbreak through fear of retaliation on their fellows. These absent chiefs, however, are perhaps the worst fighters of the nation. Among them is Lean Bear, who has the reputation of being one of the most dangerous Indians in America as well as one of the most atrocious. His absence and that of his comrades from the ranks of the hostiles would be a great gain to the government.

A gentleman in this city has received a letter from a friend at Pine Ridge, S. D., concerning the state of feeling existing among the Indians at that agency. The writer is not an official of the government, but it is said he is in a position to know whereof he speaks. He wrote in effect that there is a great deal of dissatisfaction among the Indians as a result of the late troubles. Many of them have lost much of their stock and means for sustaining it, and in some cases their houses have been destroyed. This, in connection with the deep snows and the hard winter, leaves them in a bad plight, and the writer expresses the belief that it will be rather difficult for them to get through until the snow is gone without help. These misfortunes, he says, fall upon the friendly Indians as well as the others. If the government fulfills its promises and agreement to the Indians, and if a sufficient number of troops be kept at the agency, the writer thinks that the Indians can be held in check and another outbreak averted.

Receiver of Public Money.

The president has appointed Joseph C. Painter, of Walla Walla county, Washington, to be receiver of public moneys at Walla Walla, Wash., vice Robert M. McCalley, deceased.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE

MEXICO NOT READY

To Accept Reciprocity—Status of the Matter.

The negotiations for a reciprocity treaty with Mexico have been interrupted, and it is not likely that Mr. Blaine will be able to accomplish anything until the resentful feeling of the citizens of Mexico against the United States has subsided. The present state of public feeling in Mexico is a result of the failure of the United States to ratify the commercial treaty of 1883, negotiated by Gen. Grant and William H. Trescott on the part of the United States. This treaty was not of Mexico's asking, but was suggested by the United States. Although the Senate approved of the reciprocal free list agreed upon, a clause was inserted in the treaty providing that it should not go into effect until Congress had passed a law to carry it into operation by making the necessary changes in the tariff.

That law was never passed. A bill was introduced in Congress, but was reported adversely by the Ways and Means committee. Another hitch is likely to occur over the question of admitting Mexican ores free of duty. While the Kansas farmers will have 130,000,000 bushels of corn this year to sell, and will look with longing eyes to a market beyond the Rio Grande, the Mexican feels that he has in turn millions of tons of ore that he cannot smelt by his primitive processes, and which he would like to sell to the United States. But as the tobacco producers were the most active in securing the virtual death of the last treaty, because tobacco was then placed on the free list, so the mining interest will fight to the bitter end the free admission of Mexican ores.

A reciprocity treaty with Mexico is not, as stated, expected for some time. The administration hopes, however, to see it an accomplished fact before March 4, 1893. The demand for it comes not only from the grain producers of the West, but from the manufacturers of the South and Southwest. In New Orleans, especially, there are a large number of manufacturers who can ship their goods across to Vera Cruz if a reciprocity treaty is arranged.

GHERARDI'S MISSION A FAILURE.

Hayti Wants the United States to Establish a Protectorate Over the Island.

Private advices indicate that Admiral Gherardi has failed in his mission to secure Mole St. Nicholas, Hayti, as a naval coaling station. Before his departure for the West Indies Admiral Gherardi received full instructions from Secretary Blaine as to the course he should pursue in the matter. He was clothed with a good deal of authority, but from all accounts his efforts have not yet been productive of any satisfactory results. The *quid pro qui* demanded by the Haytian government for Mole St. Nicolas is greater than the instructions to Rear Admiral Gherardi will permit him to accept. Hayti, in short, wants the United States to assume a protectorate over the island. This the admiral cannot agree to, and a further correspondence with the State department must follow before any conclusion is reached.

Rathbone Promoted.

Maj. Estes G. Rathbone, of Ohio, at present the chief postoffice inspector, has been tendered and has accepted the office of fourth assistant postmaster general, created at the last session of Congress. It is said to be probable that Ex-Representative Carter, of Montana, will be appointed commissioner of the general land office, vice Groff, resigned.

A LONG STRUGGLE AHEAD.

Gompers Comes to the Rescue of the Coke Region Strikers.

The Connellsville coke strikers will receive aid from an unexpected quarter in a short time. Samuel Gompers, president of the Federation of Labor, will be Pittsburg within the next two weeks, and writes that his organization will back the cokers to the last in their demand for eight hours. Mr. Gompers's visit, however, more directly concerns the coming struggle of the building trades in this vicinity for the eight hours to be demanded on May 4. Pittsburg, it will be remembered, will be chosen as the nucleus for an eight-hour movement in the building trades to extend all over the country. Both sides are thoroughly organized for the fight. The master builders have been prepared for another strike, and the business men of Pittsburg and the surrounding towns say they will unite in repelling the move, and that they will take out every employe in May if they persist in demanding eight hours. On the other hand, the carpenters, with all its branches in building trades, are the best organized men in the country, and are confident of winning. President Gompers says he will make his headquarters here, and stand by both the coke strikers and the building organizations until they win their demands.

NO MORE PRIMARY ELECTIONS.

The Supreme Court of Illinois Refuses to Pay the Clerks.

In 1889, the Democratic party held its primary elections under the new primary election law of the state. The election commissioners refused to pay the judges and clerks at that primary election for their services on the ground that such payment was not provided for under the law.

Test cases were brought against the city and Cook county, and were carried to the Supreme court. That court handed down a decision in which it upholds the view of the election commissioners. The use of the machinery of the law in primary elections, the court says, is not compulsory, and its acceptance is not intended to be a tax on the body politic.

ADVENTISTS' GENERAL CONVENTION

Officers Elected—Missionary Work in New York Harbor.

The meeting of the Adventists' general convention closed the present session on March 26. A proposition to provide a boat for mission work among the vessels in New York harbor was referred to the general conference committee. At the closing meeting of the International Tract society, L. C. Chadwick was elected president for two years. Officers of the conference were elected as follows: President, O. A. Olsen; corresponding secretary, W. A. Colcord; recording secretary, W. H. Edwards; foreign mission secretary, W. W. Prescott; treasurer, Harmon Lindsay.

THE LATEST IN THE SALOON LINE.

Proprietors Take the Building Down and Let the Sheriff Hunt for It.

The Iowa saloonkeepers have a new scheme for evading the liquor law. During the holidays they had constructed at Barnum, Iowa, a saloon building in sections so that it could be taken apart and stored away. Recently the district court granted an injunction against the saloon, and the other night the proprietors took down their building and stored it away in a warehouse, so that when the sheriff of Webster county comes to serve the injunction he will find no saloon.

THE DEATH RATE IN CHICAGO.

It is Growing to an Extent Which is Alarming the People.

There were 200 deaths reported at the Chicago health office on March 30. The grip, pneumonia and kindred diseases were the principal causes. It was one of the largest records for a single day the office has ever received. The grip and complications of grip and pneumonia are apparently becoming more prevalent. From Saturday noon until Monday evening there were 90 deaths reported from those causes.

The proportionate number of old people who died was unusually large.

GENERAL NEWS.

NATIONAL COMMERCIAL CONGRESS.

The Speakers and Subject for Discussion Agreed Upon.

At the meeting of the executive committee of the Commercial congress of Western states at Kansas City, Mo., on March 27, the following speakers and subjects for discussion were agreed upon:

Improvement of Waterways—Gen. T. J. Henderson, of Illinois, and Hon. Newton C. Blanchard, of Louisiana.

Reciprocity—Hon. Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan; Hon. Ben Butterworth, of Ohio, and Hon. J. B. Burroughs, of Michigan.

The Coinage Question—Gen. A. J. Warner, of Ohio.

Agricultural Depression and the Remedy—Hon. John J. Ingalls, of Kansas.

The Promotion of Manufacturing Interests—Maj. Wm. J. McKinley, of Ohio.

Taxation—Hon. C. B. Breckenridge, of Arkansas; Hon. John H. Gear, of Iowa, and Hon. Charles Stewart, of Texas.

Immigration and Settlement of Unoccupied Lands—Hon. Gilbert A. Pierce, of North Dakota, and Hon. John M. Thurston.

Uniform Commercial Laws—Judge J. L. Torrey, of St. Louis, author of the Torrey bankrupt bill.

Railway Transportation—Hon. George B. Peck, of Topeka.

Legislation as Affecting Commerce—Gen. Wheeler, of Alabama.

Irrigation on Arid Lands—Hon. T. C. Henry, of Denver; Hon. John Jay, of Junction City, Kas.

Among the others who will be present are: Hon. T. C. Catchings, of Mississippi, Gen. David Henderson, of Iowa; and Hon. Benton McMillan, of Tennessee.

AARON BURR'S PARTNER.

He is Dead at the Age of Ninety-one Years.

Funeral services were held on Saturday night, March 28, at the Home for Aged Men, in Classon avenue, Brooklyn, over the remains of Lawrence Gardenier, who died in the institution on March 27, at the great age of 91 years.

Gardenier was the law partner of Aaron Burr, and, in his day, was recognized as one of the most brilliant members of the New York bar. His father was a member from New York in the First Congress, and died of a wound received in a duel. The son was born in Kingston, this state, in 1800, and graduated from Columbia college.

He entered into partnership with Burr in 1825, and was to have married Burr's beautiful daughter, Theodoria, in 1827, but she sailed from Charleston for New York, and was never heard of again.

During the time DeWitt Clinton was mayor of New York, Lawyer Gardenier delivered a Fourth of July oration from the city hall steps.

He was the Beau Brummel and Chauncey M. Depew of his day, and spent a fortune of several million dollars in generous living.

During the later years of his life, before entering the Home, he was an assistant in the law office of ex-Judge Birdseye. He leaves a son and daughter. The interment was in Trinity cemetery, this city.

BOUNTIES FOR THE BOYS IN BLUE.

Michigan Will Have a Million Dollars to Distribute.

A good many Michigan soldiers received war bounties from the state. A good many others did not. Several legislatures have talked in a desultory way about equalizing the thing, and paying all the veterans morally entitled to bounties. It remained for the present legislature, however, to set about the matter in earnest.

A communication was recently sent to Attorney General Ellis, asking if in his opinion the state could now issue more bonds for the purpose of paying bounties. The attorney general replies that the state can still issue bonds to the amount of $694,000, that amount of the total issue of bonds authorized in war times having never been issued, and in addition the state can devote to the payment of bounties the $500,000 which it will soon receive from the general government as its share of the direct tax levied during the war and now about to be refunded. This course will probably be adopted, and over a million dollars be distributed among the veterans who volunteered early in the war and received nothing from the state, while those enlisting in 1864 were paid liberal bounties.

BLACK HAWK IS NOT SATISFIED.

He Thinks the Government is Not Dealing Squarely With Him.

A delegation of the Wisconsin Winnebago Indians left Black River Falls, Wis., for Washington on March 29. The delegation was made up of the leading members of the tribe, five from Black River Falls, and two from Big Hawk's band in Shawano county. Big Hawk, the famous chief, accompanied the delegation.

It is said they go to Washington with the hope of securing 10 per cent of their trust fund of $800,000, together with interest on the same, at the next annual payment. The old members of the tribe are not satisfied with the amount of money placed to their credit. They claim there shou'd be to their credit nearly $2,000,000 money set aside for the Winnebagos at the various treaties from 1830 to 1866.

INDIANS TO JOIN THE ARMY.

The Red Man To Be Taught How to Fight Scientifically.

Orders have been issued from Gen. Merritt's headquarters in St. Louis, to begin enlisting Indians in the regular army. In this, the department of Missouri, troop L of the Fifth cavalry, and Co. I, 12th infantry are to be composed wholly of Indians recruited from the Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Kiowas, and will be assigned to duty at Fort Sill. Troop L, 5th cavalry, and Co. I, 7th infantry, recruited from the same tribes, are to be assigned to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and Co. I, 18th infantry, filled from the same tribes and the Comanches, will be supplied to Fort Supply, I. T., for duty. The Indians are to be enlisted for five years, and receive the same pay as the white and negroes now in the service.

HAVE BEEN DOING CROOKED WORK.

An Important Seizure Made by the Government in California.

It has just been learned at San Francisco that the distillery and winery of the Gallegos Wine company at Irvington, one of the largest establishments of the kind in California, were seized by revenue officers on March 20, on account of frauds alleged to have been perpetrated in the unlawful use of untaxed brandy.

The plant seized comprises the extensive buildings, all utensils and appurtenances of the business and between three and four hundred thousand gallons of wine and brandy. The value of the plant is about $200,000. It is charged that the company since 1889 has been marketing brandy on which the tax has not been paid and also that quantities of brandy has been surreptitiously used in the fortification of sweet wines.

A CALF THAT HAS COST A FORTUNE.

The Jones County Case is Still in the Iowa Courts.

The famous Jones county, Iowa, calf case, which has been in litigation so many years and has cost a snug fortune to the interested parties, and which was thought to have been finally settled in favor of the plaintiff last fall, will come up again in the supreme court, the attorneys for defendants having filed a petition for a rehearing on the ground that the general verdict for the plaintiff was not warranted by the several finding of facts made by the jury.

Pennsylvania Arbor Days.

Gov. Pattison, of Pennsylvania, on March 26, issued a proclamation designating Friday, April 10 and Friday, May 1, to be observed as arbor days.

DOES IT MEAN WAR?

THE ITALIAN MINISTER RECALLED.

The Action Can Only Be Construed to Mean That Henceforth Italy Is Hostile to the United States.

WASHINGTON, March 31.—Baron Fava, the Italian minister presented a formal document to the State department authorities this morning which surprised them considerably. It was none other than a letter announcing that he desired his passports to Italy, having been recalled from his diplomatic post in this country by his own government.

The reason given was that the "King of Italy was dissatisfied with the progress of adjustments between the two countries touching the New Orleans massacre."

In consequence of this feeling on the part of his government, Baron Fava felt compelled to withdraw from the country, leaving the Marquis Imperiali, secretary of legation, in charge of current affairs.

The baron's passport, of course, will be given to him at once.

The situation is so new and serious that no official comments can be obtained at this hour from any source.

There must be time for the administration to think, and, barring two hours' Cabinet session of to-day, it has as yet had little or no opportunity to digest the facts in a calm manner.

Secretary Blaine, it is stated, will make an official announcement of Baron Fava's recall, possibly containing the views of this government to-morrow, but in the meantime the baron's pleasant personal relations with the state department and this country will have been severed.

It is doubtful whether, in view of the extraordinary circumstances of the recall, there will be the formalities at the White House usual upon such an occasion as the departure of a minister. Indeed, when this affair is looked at from a distance of time, it will appear to have been very much hurried.

The letter from Gov. Nichols to Secretary Blaine caused the trouble. It was received here several days ago, and a copy was sent at once to Baron Fava.

This, of course, gave it the appearance of being the ultimatum of this government, and it appears that the baron accepted it as such and cabled it in that character to his government. Baron Fava has worked for his home interests to the degree of appearing overzealous at this end of the line, but today's developments would indicate that there could not have been too much zeal on his part to suit his government, which appears to have made the matter an issue of the highest importance.

Those commenting on the surprising event of the day agree that to break away from this government is not merely an act of discourtesy, but of open hostility. To have done it pending the investigation and progress of the law in New Orleans is significant, it is said, of an utter disregard of the conventionalities and ethics of modern diplomacy. Indeed, in that light, this government now has logical reasons for feeling affronted at this lack of faith in its assurances on the part of its hot-headed neighbor.

It will probably turn out that the Italian government has acted in haste in this matter, and has unnecessarily involved the two nations in a serious difficulty. The State department has not yet ceased the investigation into the lynching, and it has not yet been fully developed whether or not the men killed were Italian subjects. The proper course would have been, it is said, for the question of the citizenship of the men killed to have been settled first, and then for some sort of arbitration. By this action on the part of Italy the United States has been cut off right in the middle of the investigation, and, it is thought, treated in any but a courteous manner.

It is reported in newspaper circles here that news has been received in Washington to the effect that in retaliation for the New Orleans lynching, eighteen American citizens have been seized at Florence and cast into prison, and that similar seizures have occurred in other parts of Italy.

ARE SEIZING THE AMERICANS.

Eighteen Persons Reported to Have Been Detained in Rome.

WASHINGTON, March 31.—It is reported that eighteen American citizens have been seized and imprisoned in Rome, to be held as hostages.

WAITING FOR A LAND SLIDE.

Part of Kansas City Expected to Slip Off Its Base.

Another big land slide is threatened at the bluffs near Eighteenth and Terrace streets, Kansas City, Missouri. On account of recent rains the earth has cracked along Terrace street for a distance of several hundred feet, and an entire block of houses which stood thereon and which now stand trembling over the railroad yards, one hundred feet below, have been deserted. Tons of earth and rocks fell last night, and the crevasse continues to widen. The big slide is expected inside of a few hours.

John Plankington Dead.

John Plankington, Milwaukee's foremost citizen, died about 9 o'clock March 28. He built up a great fortune in the packing business, in which he was long associated with P. D. Armour, of Chicago. He was the owner of the Plankington House and many of the large business blocks in the city and his fortune was counted in the millions.

Struck Silver in Illinois.

A farmer living nine miles from Peoria, Ills., here has discovered a rock vein of silver ore on his farm about 30 feet below the surface, while digging a well. The vein is said to be a rich one. Arrangements are being made to develop the mine.

Broke a Skating Record.

In a three-mile race on March 26, M. Jacobs, an amateur, broke the world's record by skating three miles on an eight lap track in 9 minutes and 35 2-5 seconds. The record for three miles has been held by Skinner, whose best time was 9:41.

HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN AND SCALP, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, blotchy, or copper colored, with loss of hair, either simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood and skin purifiers, and daily effect more great cures of blood and skin diseases than all other remedies combined.

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Send for "How to Cure Blood and Skin Diseases."

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Backache, kidney pains, weakness and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.)
Cure BILLOUS and Nervous ILLS.
25cts. a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

THERE'S A SENSATION IN STORE.

The New Orleans Grand Jury Not Afraid to Do Its Duty.

The grand jury held a long session on March 25, and from the witnesses examined, it is evident that the body is getting into the bribery business. In fact, persons in authority say with an air of mystery, that there will be some sensational developments. The sensation will doubtless be the indictment of a prominent party not heretofore mentioned in connection with the unsavory part of the case.

O'Malley was indicted for being an accessory before the fact of the attempting to bribe jurors. McChristal, his accomplice, has told his master's part in the transactions in which the prisoner figured. Detective Collins has told the secrets of O'Malley's office.

Another city detective kept constant watch on O'Malley's office and reported who entered, and O'Malley's doings have evidently been well shadowed. Many of the witnesses of the last few days have been surprised to find themselves called, and protested that they knew nothing until they got into the jury room. The system of espionage extended to the witnesses for the state. Some of them were threatened and the state also learned of efforts to spirit some away. The state has the advantage of knowing the relative importance of its witnesses, while the defense merely guesses at their knowledge.

AFTER THE SOUTHERN FORESTS.

The Honduras Lumber Company Organized.

The Honduras Lumber company, composed of American capitalists has been formed in Chicago. The paid up capital is $2,500,000. The company, of which C. Sherman Wynn is president, possesses stumpage on 2,000,000 acres of land on the Atlantic coast, about 100 miles east of Truxill, in Honduras, and has the privilege of working it 25 years free of taxation. The wood on the property is valued at $7,773,000, and consists of rosewood, ebony, sandalwood, mahogany, sapodilla, pine, etc., etc.

Mills will be erected in a short time which will turn out 1,000,000 feet of lumber every day, and in connection with the mills furniture will be manufactured. Everything manufactured or milled will be shipped to the Latin-American states as far south as Buenos Ayres, and also to a great extent to the United States and Europe.

The following are a number of the directors: Hon. J. M. Bailey, chief justice of the Illinois Supreme court; J. B. Insley, of the Leavenworth Cattle company; E. W. Perry, governor of the territory of Masquitia in Honduras, where the company's plant is situated; A. C. Brackebush, president of the Chicago coal exchange.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC SCHEMES.

The Chicago Terminus Again Being Agitated.

The old rumor that the Canadian Pacific is seeking an entrance to Chicago is being renewed with every indication that the road will accomplish that result. But instead of only getting a Chicago opening for its Canadian business, the road will play an important part in through New York western freight and passenger traffic.

Under the guise of the Queenstown & Niagara Railway and Bridge company, the Canadian Pacific has applied to the Canadian Parliament for permission to build a road between Niagara Falls on the American side and St. Catherines, a terminal point. On the American side a road between Niagara Falls and Buffalo is projected. The rumor current in railroad circles is that the Canadian Pacific will unite with the Lackawanna, thus giving to the latter the long sought for western connection.

"At the Western terminus of the Canadian Pacific, Detroit, the Wabash will be brought in and thus form a great trunk line between New York and Chicago. Such an addition at this time to the through lines can hardly be said to be desirable or opportune. The continued depression in traffic business shows no necessity of another line, and the addition of another would merely add another mouth to be fed by the West."

A MOST DISASTROUS WINTER.

One Ranch Has Lost 30,000 Sheep From Cold and Starvation.

Dispatches from New Mexico report a great deal of distress among cattle, sheep and other live stock in that territory. Representative Frank Hubble, who has just returned to Albuquerque from his sheep ranch, near the Zuuie salt lakes, Socorro county, tells a distressing story about the condition of the sheep. He has lost in the past few months over 30,000 head from freezing and starvation, and also reports that the loss is general among all the heavy sheep owners. The weather has been cold and the ground is covered with snow so that the sheep cannot eat. He says he has never experienced such weather as the last two months.

THE TOMB OF MARY WASHINGTON.

It Furnishes Ground for a Law Suit in Fredericksburg.

George W. Sheppard who owns the ground on which the tomb of Mary Washington, mother of George Washington, is situated, gave to Colbert and Keitly, real estate brokers, an option on the property. The brokers at once advertised the tomb for sale at public auction in Washington. This aroused indignation, and Mr. Sheppard notified the brokers that he could not give a clear title to the ground. Thereupon they withdrew the advertisement and instituted suit for $30,000 damages. The decision was in favor of Sheppard.

NEWS FROM THE WESTERN ISLANDS.

Liliuokalani Has Appointed Her Privy Council.

The British steamer Elon arrived at San Francisco on March 88, from Honolulu, with news up to March 18. The queen has announced the members of her privy council. Among the members are the queen's husband, John Dominis, and about forty other prominent men of the kingdom.

The missionary schooner Chapman was lost on the west coast of Tahita, Nov. 30, 1890. She was bound from Honolulu to Pitcairn island. The crew, numbering 16, were drowned.

THE POPE CONFINED TO BED.

He is Suffering From Serious Stomach Troubles.

The pope is suffering from a severe attack of stomach rouble. His condition is such that he is compelled to keep his bed.

Honors for Ohio Boys.

Out of a class of 52 naval academy cadets at Annapolis, Md., about 47, it is expected, will be graduated in June. The honor of graduating at the head of the class is said to be between cadets Frank B. Zahn, of Pennsylvania, Henry G. Smith, of Ohio, and Horatio Gillmor, of Wisconsin, all of whom were "star" members of the class last term, with Cadets Witt, of Pennsylvania, and Blamer, of Iowa. The averages of the present term will not be made until June, just before the commencement exercises.

The Pacific Squadron.

The United States cruiser San Francisco left Mare Island navy yard for San Francisco, on March 31. She is under orders to join the Pensacola at Valparaiso. The coast defense vessel Monterey, which is being constructed at the Union Iron works in this city, will probably be launched in about six weeks.

The Sherman Statue.

The Sherman statue fund committee met at the Chamber of Commerce on March 24. Resolutions were adopted that the treasurer of the fund be requested to announce that the subscriptions were sufficient to complete the statue. The total amount of the fund to date is $44,760.

A BATTLE IN INDIA.

Troubles in Assam—The Ghoorka's Defeated.

A dispatch from Manipur, province of Assam, dated March 31, brings news of a disaster to a force of native troops there. It seems that Mr. James W. Quinton, the chief commissioner of Assam, has recently been investigating some serious troubles which have occurred among the native chiefs. As a result of his investigation, the chief commissioner was holding a durbar or conference with the notabilities of Assam, with the view of arresting one of the prominent chiefs who had been instrumental in deposing the rajah. The chief commissioner, while pursuing his inquiries into the disputes between the chiefs, occupied a camp which was garrisoned by a strong force of Goorkhas, native infantry in the British service. Suddenly this camp was attacked by a number of hostile tribes, led by their chiefs.

A two-days' battle, during which some desperate fighting took place, followed the onslaught of the tribesmen. The Goorkhas fought most determinedly against heavy odds and, according to the report, 470 of the Goorkhas were killed. Seven of the British officers who accompanied the chief commissioner and that official himself are reported to be missing.

OHIO'S FAIR COMMISSIONERS.

Toledo Honored in the Appointment of Col. A. M. F. Billingslea.

Governor Campbell has appointed the Ohio World's Columbian exposition directors, as follows:

W. W. Peabody and Albert Schwill, of Cincinnati; James W. See, of Hamilton; Charles M. Harding, of Franlin; Lewis N. Bonham, of Oxford; Charles M. Anderson, of Greenville; David Hall, of Bloom Center; A. M. F. Billingslea, of Toledo; A. C. Cummins, of Mansfield; W. T. Alberson, of Ashland; L. D. Wadsworth, of Wellington; L. B. Holden and Wm. Edwards, of Cleveland; W. H. Reed, of Chillicothe; and P. M. Cullum, of New Lexington.

The following persons, are by the terms of the law, also members of said commission: Harvey P. Platt, of Toledo; Lucius C. Crum, of Troy; William Ritchie, of Hamilton; Adolph Plumer, of Cincinnati; Mrs. Mary Hart, of Riverside; Mrs. Walter Hartpence, of Harrison; Mrs. Asa Bushnell, of Springfield, and Mrs. Harriet T. Upton, of Warren.

CAN FIND HIS YUM YUM THERE.

A Japanese Tea Garden One of the World's Fair Features.

For the Woman's World Fair building thirteen designs by women have been submitted, and the selection has narrowed down to three, all of the Italian renaissance style of architecture. They are said to be exceptionally fine. The cost of the proposed structure is fixed at $200,000.

Jocni Takimine, of Tokio, Japan, wishes to exhibit a Japanese tea garden at the exposition, and he comes backed with $60,000 and the banking firm of Mitsui & Co., of Tokio, to carry out the project. His application for space is being considered. He asks the privilege of putting up a number of Japanese buildings, and in the main one he will have a hall with suitable seating capacity.

Here he proposes to have Japanese dancing girls and Oriental exhibitions. In a restaurant will be served pure Japanese tea, birdsnest soup, and other dishes of the empire of the mikado. The grounds will be ornamented with Japanese plants and flowers, and in the building will be quaint and curious exhibits. Mr. Takimine was the Japanese commissioner to the New Orleans exposition.

ENGLAND WILL BE ON DECK.

The World's Columbian Exposition Invitation Accepted.

The British government, through the Marquis of Salisbury, has formally notified Mr. Blaine, the U. S. secretary of state, that Great Britain accepts President Harrison's invitation to take part in the world's fair at Chicago in 1893.

Lord Salisbury has also notified President Harrison, through Mr. Blaine, that a royal commission will be appointed to assist British merchants in exhibiting the products of British industry at the Fair, and to further British interests there.

INDIANA WANTS HER MONEY

State Officials Claim the Treasury Department Has Made a Mistake.

Governor Hovey, Deputy State Auditor Coons and Deputy State Treasurer Shoemaker have held a conference concerning the notification from Secretary of the treasury Foster that the payment of direct tax refund would be withheld pending an investigation of a former payment of $40,000 to the state, when Isaac P. Gray was governor.

The state officials agree that there must be an error of some kind in the Treasury department. The state records show that during Governor Gray's term of office, the state did receive between $30,000 and $40,000 from the national government, but it was returned under the swamp land act of congress. "It had no connection whatever with the direct money now refunded," said Governor Hovey. "As soon as I can get ex-Governor Gray's statement I shall telegraph the facts to Secretary Foster. We are entitled to the full amount of the draft sent us, and I shall insist on receiving it."

FIENDISH CRUELTY TO A BOY.

A Woman Charged With Inhuman Treatment of Her Stepson.

A woman has been arrested several miles east of Colorado Springs, charged with inhuman cruelty to her young stepson. The complaint sworn to is as follows: "That she attempted to kill the boy several times, the first being in November, 1890, when she threw the boy in a well and tried by means of a long pole to hold him under the water; that after his recovery she compelled him to take hot baths and then immediately after put him in ice-cold water; that she had fed him lye, which, it is expected, will result in death; that she applied external liniments internally; that one time she poured crude creosote in his ear, which destroyed the mechanism of the organ; that she heaped continual abuse and torture on the boy by kicking, beating and otherwise ill-treating him." The husband has been held as an accessory.

Will Go to No Man,s Land.

John Capliog, of Buffalo, N. Y., passed through Hutchinson, Kas., on March 26, on his way home from Beaver City, in No Man's land, where it is proposed to locate a co-operative colony, to be organized on the Bellamy plan. He said that he expected the colony would be formed this spring in time to put in crops, if possible. The colony, he thinks, will comprise about 500 people to start with and is to be strictly co-operative.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—The financial situation is promising. The rates of foreign exchange are weakening, which will mean a cessation of gold exports, though some $700,000 went to Europe last week. The crop situation is favorable; railroad earnings are fair; business is on a sound basis, and shows reasonable activity all along the line; the European financial complications are clearing up, and the complete restoration of public confidence, the only lacking factor, will not be long in following.

The New York banks lost only $900,000 in surplus last week, in spite of the active outflow of money to the West and South. Money on call loaned at 4@2 per cent, averaging 3 per cent, with renewals at 3½ per cent. Time money was close, and when the securities were strictly gilt-edged, loans were made at 4 per cent for 90 days, 4½ per cent for 4 to 6 months, and 5 per cent for 7 to 8 months. With good stock exchange collateral the rates are ¼@1 per cent higher.

The foreign rates show little change. Discounts of 60 to 90-day bank bills in London at 2⅝ per cent were reported by cable. Since the trouble with the Society of Deposits and Accounts, there have been no open rates quoted in Paris, but the figure is about 3 per cent. At Berlin it is 2¾, and at Frankfort 2¾ per cent.

STOCKS.—Speculation for the past week has been of the very dullest, but there has been a general and steady improvement in the prices of leading shares.

SILVER.—Depressing tendencies affected the silver market during the week, arising from the condition of India exchanges, which are weak and lower. The commercial quotations for bars consequently declined about ¾d. to 1¼c. in London and New York respectively. It is announced that the Produce Clearing House in London has inaugurated trading in certificates representing silver bullion deposited under an arrangement similar to that employed in New York. The details of the matter are not fully understood as yet. The amount of silver bullion on deposit in New York continues to decrease, and is now only 5,811,000 ounces. Considerable exports continue to be made, and the government purchases under the silver law are relatively heavy. The closing price Saturday for silver bullion in New York was 98¾ cents per ounce, which gives a trifle over 76 cents as the value of the bullion in the silver dollar.

THE OUTLOOK SATISFACTORY.

**Grain Moves Up Some on Speculation, But Trade is Rather Qu